

DRYDEN (gamb)  
THE  
1489. n. 4.  
SPANISH FRYAR:

OR, THE  
*Double Discovery.*

As it is Acted at the  
THEATER-ROYAL,  
BY  
His MAJESTY'S Servants.

---

*Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.* ——— Mart.

————— *Alterna revisens*  
*Lusit, & in solido rursus fortuna locavit.* Virg.

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L O N D O N:

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MDCCXXVIII.







To the Right Honourable

F O H N,

Lord HAUGHTON.

My LORD,



When I first design'd this Play, I found, or thought I found, somewhat so moving in the Serious Part of it, and so pleasant in the Comick, as might deserve a more than ordinary Care in both: Accordingly, I us'd the best of my Endeavour, in the Management of two Plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer, to have made them of a Piece. Neither have I attempted other Plays of the same Nature, in my Opinion, with the same Judgment; though with like Success, And though many Poets may suspect themselves for the Fondness and Partiality of Parents to their youngest Children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this Rule, because I know my self too well to be ever satisfied with my own Conceptions, which have seldom reach'd to those I-

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dea's that I had within me: and consequently, I presume I may have Liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary Marks-man may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aims. Besides, the Care and Pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other Tragi-comedies, may reasonably make the World conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiss. Few good Pictures have been finish'd at one Sitting; neither can a true just Play, which is to bear the Test of Ages, be produc'd at a Heat, or by the Force of Fancy, without the Maturity of Judgment. For my own Part, I have both so just a Diffidence of my self, and so great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict Examination; and am as much asham'd to put a loose indigested Play upon the Publick, as I shou'd be to offer Brass Money in a Payment: For tho' it shou'd be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage,) yet it would be found in the second telling: And a judicious Reader will discover in his Closet that trashy Stuff, whose Glittering deceiv'd him in the Action. I have often heard the Stationer sighing in his Shop, and wishing for those Hands to take off his melancholy Bargain, which clapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-house every Thing contributes to impose upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the best where there is the most Need of it, surprise the Audience, and cast a Mist upon their Understandings; not unlike the Cunning of a Juggler, who is always staring us in the Face, and overwhelming us with Gibberish, only that he may gain the Opportunity of making the cleaner Conveyance of his Trick. But these false Beauties of the Stage are no more lasting than a Rain-bow; when

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when the Actor ceases to shine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his Reflection, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wonder'd, in the Reading, what was become of those glaring Colours which amaz'd me in *Buffy Damboys* upon the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I suppos'd a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Jelly: nothing but a cold, dull Mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting: A dwarfish Thought dress'd up in gigantick Words, Repetition in abundance, Looseness of Expression, and gross Hyperboles; the Sense of one Line expanded prodigiously into ten: and, to sum up all, uncorrect *English*, and a hideous Mingle of false Poetry and true Nonsense; or, at best, a Scantling of Wit which lay gasping for Life, and groaning beneath a Heap of Rubbish. A famous modern Poet us'd to sacrifice every Year a *Statius* to *Virgil's* Manes: and I have Indignation enough to burn a *Damboys* annually to the Memory of *Johnson*. But now, my Lord, I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember some Verses of my own *Maximin* and *Almanzor* which cry Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which I wish heartily in the same Fire with *Statius* and *Chapman*: All I can say for those Passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them: But I repent of them amongst my Sins: and if any of their Fellows intrude by Chance into my present Writings, I draw a Stroke over all those *Dalliah's* of the Theater; and am resolv'd I will settle my self no Reputation by the Applause of Fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all Ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted Judges, as I shou'd to raise an Estate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither

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do I discommend the lofty Style in Tragedy which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the same Measures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded *Statius* to have written higher than *Virgil*, for

*Quæ superimposito moles geminata Colosso,*

carries a more thundering kind of Sound than,

*Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi:*

Yet *Virgil* had all the Majesty of a lawful Prince, and *Statius* only the Blustering of a Tyrant. But when Men affect a Virtue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the nearest Resemblance to it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftiness, runs easily into the swelling puffy Stile, because it looks like Greatness. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought imitable *Spencer* a mean Poet, in Comparison of *Silvester's Dubartas*: and was rapt into an Ecstasy when I read these Lines:

*Now when the Winter's keener Breath began  
To chrystalize the Baltick Ocean;  
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,  
And perriwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods:*

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable Fustian, that is, Thoughts and Words ill-sorted, and without the least Relation to each other: yet I dare not answer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap in on the Stage: so little Value there is to be given to the common Cry, that  
no-

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nothing but Madness can please Mad-men, and a Poet must be of a Piece with the Spectators, to gain a Reputation with them. But, as in a Room, contriv'd for State, the Height of the Roof shou'd bear a Proportion to the *Area*; so, in the Heightnings of Poetry, the Strength and Vehemence of Figures shou'd be suited to the Occasion, the Subject, and the Persons. All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of Nature, 'tis an Excrecence, and not a living Part of Poetry. I had not said thus much, if some young Gallants, who pretend to Criticism, had not told me, that this Tragi-comedy wanted the Dignity of Style: but, as a Man, who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own Defence; so perhaps I have vindicated my Play with more Partiality than I ought, or than such a Trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever Beauties it may want, 'tis free at least from the Grossness of those Faults I mention'd: What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in Reference to my Profit, and the Satisfaction I had, in seeing it represented with all the Justness and Gracefulness of Action. But as 'tis my Interest to please my Audience, so 'tis my Ambition to be read; that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler Design: for the Propriety of Thoughts and Words, which are the hidden Beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the Vehemence of Action: All things are there beheld, as in a hasty Motion, where the Objects only glide before the Eye, and disappear. The most discerning Critick can judge no more of these silent Graces in the Action, than he who rides Post through an unknown Country can distinguish the Situation of Places, and the Nature of the Soil. The Pu-



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rity of Phrase, the Clearness of Conception and Expression, the Boldness maintain'd to Majesty, the Significancy and Sound of Words, not strain'd into Bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very Words and Thoughts which cannot be chang'd, but for the worse, must of Necessity escape our transient View upon the Theatre: and yet without all these a Play may take. For, if either the Story move us, or the Actor help the Lameness of it with his Performance, or now and then a glittering Beam of Wit or Passion strike through the Obscurity of the Poem, any of these are sufficient to effect a present Liking, but not to fix a lasting Admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the surest Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no Faults in this, which that Touchstone will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a Play of this Nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: but it will be clear to any judicious Man, that with half the Pains I could have rais'd a Play from either of them: for this Time I satisfy'd my Humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a Rule for the Pleasure of Variety. The Truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continu'd melancholy Scenes: and I dare venture to prophesie, that few Tragedies, except those in Verse, shall succeed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a Course of Mirth. For the Feast is too dull and solemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a Task this is, will soon be try'd; for a several Genius is requir'd to either Way: and without both of 'em, a Man, in my Opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it so trivial an Undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to

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to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poyson are always in a Readiness; but to bring the Action to the last Extremity, and then by probable Means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer; and cost him many a Pang in the Performance.

And now, My Lord, I must confess that what I have written, looks more like a Preface, than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my Design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own Art, which might be more worthy of a noble Mind, than the stale exploded Trick of fulsome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in Praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a Subject; and only tell you, that in recommending a *Protestant* Play to a *Protestant* Patron, as I do my self an Honour, so I do your Noble Family a Right, who have been always eminent in the Support and Favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the Promises of your Youth, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deceives me not, the Principles you have embrac'd are such, as will no way degenerate from your Ancestors, but refresh their Memory in the Minds of all true *Englishmen*, and renew their Lustre in your Person; which, My Lord, is not more the Wish, than it is the constant Expectation of

*Your LORDSHIP'S.*

*most Obedient, Faithful Servant,*

JOHN DRYDEN.



## PROLOGUE.

**N**OW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit ;  
For he who pleases, never fails of Wit :  
Honour is yours ;  
And you, like Kings at City-Treats, bestow it ;  
The Writer kneels, and is bid rise a Poet :  
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow,  
You dubb to-day and hang a Man to-morrow ;  
You cry the same Sense up, and down again,  
Just like Brass-Money once a Year in Spain :  
Take you i'th' Mood, what-e'er base Metal come,  
You coin as fast as Groats at Bromingham :  
Though 'tis no more like Sense in ancient Plays,  
Than Rome's Religion like St. Peter's Days.  
In short, so swift your Judgments turn and wind,  
You cast our fleetest Wits a Mile behind.  
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range,  
But e'en your Follies and Debauches change  
With such a Whirl, the Poets of your Age  
Are tyr'd, and cannot score 'em on the Stage,  
Unless each Vice in Short-hand they indite,  
E'en as notch Prentices whole Sermons write.  
The heavy Hollanders no Vices know,  
But what they us'd a hundred Years ago ;  
Like honest Plants, where they were stuck they grow ;  
They cheat, but still from cheating Sires they come ;  
They drink, but they were christ'ned first in Mum.

}  
Their



## PROLOGUE.

*Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards keep,  
And Phillip first taught Philip how to sleep.  
The French and we still change, but here's the Curse,  
They change for better, and we change for worse;  
They take up our old Trade of Conquering,  
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing :  
Our Fathers did, for Change, to France repair,  
And they, for Change, will try our English Air.  
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,  
Straight a more foolish Gewgaw comes in Play :  
So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,  
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.  
Scow'ring the Watch grows out-of-Fashion Wit :  
Now we set up for Tilting in the Pit,  
Where 'tis agreed by Bullier, chicken-hearted,  
To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted.  
A fair Attempt has twice or thrice been made,  
To hire Night Murth'rs, and make Death a Trade.  
When Murth'rs out, what Vice can we advance ?  
Unless the new found Pois'ning Trick of France :  
And when their Art of Rats-bane we have got,  
By Way of Thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our Plot.*



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

|                                     |                       |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Torriamond.</i>                  | <i>Mr. Betterton.</i> |
| <i>Bertran.</i>                     | <i>Mr. Williams.</i>  |
| <i>Alphonso.</i>                    | <i>Mr. Wilsheir.</i>  |
| <i>Lorenzo, his Son.</i>            | <i>Mr. Smith</i>      |
| <i>Raymond.</i>                     | <i>Mr. Gillow.</i>    |
| <i>Pedro.</i>                       | <i>Mr. Underhill.</i> |
| <i>Gomez.</i>                       | <i>Mr. Nokes.</i>     |
| <i>Dominick, the Spanish Fryar.</i> | <i>Mr. Lee.</i>       |

## W O M E N.

|                                   |                        |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Leonora, Queen of Arragon.</i> | <i>Mrs. Barry.</i>     |
| <i>Teresa, Woman to Leonora.</i>  | <i>Mrs. Crofts.</i>    |
| <i>Elvira, Wife to Gomez.</i>     | <i>Mrs. Betterton.</i> |

THE



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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Alphonso and Pedro meet, with Soldiers on each Side, Drums, &c.*

ALPHONSO.



TAND: give the Word.

*Ped.* The Queen of Arragon.

*Alph. Pedro?*—how goes the Night?

*Ped.* She wears apace.

*Alph.* Then welcome Day-light: We shall  
have warm Work on't:

The Moor will 'gage  
His utmost Forces on this next Assault,  
To win a Queen and Kingdom.

*Ped.* Pox o' this Lyon-way of wooing, though:  
Is the Queen stirring yet?

*Alph.* She has not been abed, but in her Chapel

AB

All Night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the Saints  
With Vows for her Deliverance.

*Ped.* O! *Alphonso*,

I fear they come too late: Her Father's Crimes  
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her Prayers.  
A Crown usurp'd; a lawful King depos'd,  
In Bondage held, debarr'd the common Light;  
His Children murder'd, and his Friends destroy'd:  
What can we less expect than what we feel;  
And what we fear will follow?

*Alph.* Heav'n avert it!

*Ped.* Then Heav'n must not be Heav'n. Judge the B-  
By what has pass'd. Th' Usurper joy'd not long  
His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in Peace:  
Unriddle that, ye Pow'rs; but left his Daughter,  
Our present Queen, engag'd, upon his Death-bed,  
To marry with young *Bertran*, whose curs'd Father  
Had help'd to make him great.  
Hence, you well know, this fatal War arose:  
Because the Moor *Abdalla*, with whose Troops  
Th' Usurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd,  
And, as an Infidel, his Love despis'd.

*Alph.* Well, we are Soldiers, *Pedro*, and, like Lawyers,  
Plead for our Pay.

*Ped.* A good Cause wou'd do well though;  
It gives my Sword an Edge. You see this *Bertran*  
Has now three times been beaten by the Moors:  
What Hope we have is in young *Terrismond*,  
Your Brother's Son.

*Alph.* He's a successful Warrior,  
And has the Soldiers Hearts: Upon the Skirts  
Of *Aragon* our squander'd Troops he rallies:  
Our Watchmen from the Tow'rs with longing Eyes  
Expect his swift Arrival.

*Ped.* It must be swift, or it will come too late.

*Alph.* No more: ——— Duke *Bertran*.

*Enter Bertran attended.*

*Bert.* Relieve the Centries that have watch'd all Night,  
[To *Ped.*] Now, Colonel, have you dispos'd your Men,  
That you stand idle here?

*Ped.* Mine are drawn off,

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To take a short Repose.

*Bert.* Short let it be.

For, from the *Moorish* Camp, this Hour and more,  
There has been heard a distant humming Noise,  
Like Bees disturb'd, and arming in their Hives.  
What Courage in our Soldiers? Speak! What Hope?

*Ped.* As much as when Physicians shake their Heads,  
And bid their dying Patient think of Heaven.  
Our Walls are thinly mann'd: our best Men slain:  
The rest, an heartless Number, spent with Watching,  
And harass'd out with Duty.

*Bert.* Good-night all then.

*Ped.* Nay, for my Part, 'tis but a single Life  
I have to lose: I'll plant my Colours down  
In the Mid-breach, and by 'em fix my Foot:  
Say a short Soldier's Prayer, to spare the Trouble  
Of my few Friends above, and then expect  
The next fair Bullet.

*Alph.* Never was known a Night of such Distraction:  
Noise so confus'd and dreadful: jostling Crowds,  
That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,  
Like Meteors, by each other in the Streets.

*Ped.* I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar;  
With a Paunch swell'n so high, his double Chin  
Might rest upon't: A true Son of the Church;  
Fresh-colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade,  
Come puffing with his greasy bald-pate Choir,  
And fumbling o'er his Beads, in such an Agony,  
He told 'em false for Fear: About his Neck  
There hung a Wench; the Label of his Function:  
Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.  
It seems the holy Stallion durst not score  
Another Sin before he left the World.

*Enter a Captain.*

*Capt.* To Arms, my Lord, to Arms!  
From the *Moors* Camp the Noise grows louder still:  
Rattling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums and Ataballes;  
And sometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns,  
Like Victory: Then Groans again, and Howlings,  
Like those of vanquish'd Men; but every Echo  
Goes fainter off; and dyes in distant Sounds.

*Bert.*

# The SPANISH FRYAR.

*Bert.* Some false Attack: expect on t' other Side:  
One to the Gunners on St. *Fago's* Tow'r; Bid 'em, for  
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul, [Shame,  
They're all corrupted with the Gold of *Barbary*  
To carry over, and not hurt the *Moor*.

*Enter a second Captain.*

*2 Capt.* My Lord, here's fresh Intelligence arriv'd:  
Our Army, led by Valiant *Torrismond*,  
Is now in hot Engagement with the *Moors*;  
'Tis said, within their Trenches.

*Ber.* I think all Fortune is reserv'd for him.  
He might have sent us Word though;  
And then we cou'd have favour'd his Attempt  
With Sallies from the Town. ———

*Alph.* It cou'd not be:

We were so close block'd up, that none cou'd peep  
Upon the Walls and live: But yet 'tis time: ———

*Bert.* No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:  
On Pain of Death, let no Man dare to sally.

*Ped.* [*Aside.*] Oh Envy, Envy, how it works within  
How now! what means this Show? [him!]

*Alph.* 'Tis a Procession:  
The Queen is going to the great Cathedral,  
To pray for our Success against the *Moors*.

*Ped.* Very good: She usurps the Throne; keeps the  
old King in Prison; and, at the same time, is praying for  
a Blessing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go  
together!

[*A Procession of Priests and Choristers in White, with  
Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes  
over the Stage: The Choristers singing,*

*Look down, ye Bless'd above, look down,  
Behold our weeping Matrons Tears,  
Behold our tender Virgins Fears,  
And wish Success our Armies crown.*

*Look down, ye Bless'd above, look down:  
Oh! save us, save us, and our State restore;  
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore:  
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore.*

[*The Procession goes off; and shout wishin.*

[*Then  
Enter*



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*Enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Alphonso.*

*Bert. to Alph.* A joyful Cry; and see your Son Lorenzo:  
Good News, kind Heav'n!

*Alph. to Lor.* O welcome, welcome! Is the General safe?  
How near our Army? when shall we be succour'd?  
Or, are we succour'd? are the *Moors* remov'd?  
Answer these Questions first, and then a thousand more;  
Answer 'em all together.

*Lor.* Yes when I have a thousand Tongues, I will.  
The General's well; his Army too is safe  
As Victory can make 'em: The *Moors* King  
Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one.  
At Dawn of Day our General cleft his Pate,  
Spight of his woollen Night-cap: A slight Wound;  
Perhaps he may recover.

*Alph.* Thou reviv'st me.

*Ped.* By my Computation now, the Victory was  
gain'd before the Procession was made for it; and yet it  
will go hard but the Priests will make a Miracle on't.

*Lor.* Yes faith we came like bold intruding Guests,  
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us Welcome;  
Their Scouts we kill'd, then found their Body sleeping;  
And as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er 'em,  
And took what Joint came next, Arms, Heads, or Legs,  
Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light,  
They make but bungling Work.

*Bert.* I'll to the Queen,  
And bear the News.

*Ped.* That's young Lorenzo's Duty.

*Bert.* I'll spare his Trouble. —————

This *Torrismond* begins to grow too fast;  
He must be mine, or ruin'd.

[*Aside:*

*Lor. Pedro* a Word: — [whisper] [Exit *Bertran*.]

*Alph.* How swift he shot away! I find it stung him,  
In spight of his dissembling.

To Lorenzo.] How many of the Enemy are slain!

*Lor.* Troth, Sir, we were in haste, and cou'd not stay  
To score the Men we kill'd; but there they lye,  
Best send our Women out to take the Tale;  
There's Circumcision in abundance for 'em.

[Turns to *Pedro* again.  
*Alph.*

*Alph.* How far did you pursue 'em?

*Lor.* Some few Miles. ———

To *Pedro* ] Good Store of Harlots say you, and dogs-  
*Pedro* they must be had, and speedily; [cheap?  
 I've kept a tedious Fast. [Whisper again.

*Alph.* When will he make his Entry? he deserves  
 Such Triumphs as were giv'n by antient Rome:  
 Ha, Boy, what say'st thou?

*Lor.* As you say, Sir, That Rome was very antient —

To *Pedro*. ] I leave the Choice to you; fair, black, tall,  
 Let her have but a Nose: — And you may tell her [low;  
 I'm rich in Jewels, Rings, and bobbing Pearls  
 Pluck'd from *Moors* Ears. —

*Alph.* Lorenzo.

*Lor.* Sowewhat busie

About Affairs relating to the Publick. ———

—— A seasonable Girl, just in the Nick now --- [To *Pedro*.  
 [Trumpets within.

*Ped.* I hear the General's Trumpets; Stand and mark  
 How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:  
 There hung a Cloud, methought, on *Bertran's* Brow.

*Lor.* Then look to see a Storm on *Torrismond's*,  
 Looks fright not Men: The General has seen *Moors*  
 With as bad Faces, no Dispraise to *Bertran's*.

*Ped.* 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp he loves the Queen.

*Lor.* He drinks her Health devoutly.

*Alph.* That may breed bad Blood 'twixt him and *Bertran*.

*Ped.* Yes, in private:

But *Bertran* has been taught the Arts of Court,  
 To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin.  
 O here they come, ———

*Enter Torrismond and Officers on one Side, Bertran attended  
 on the other: They embrace, Bertran bowing low.*

Just as I prophesy'd ——— [roo.

*Lor.* Death and Hell, he laughs at him: — in's Face

*Ped.* O you mistake him; 'twas an humble Grin,  
 The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.

*Lor.* [aside.] Here are nothing but Lies to be expected;  
 I'll e'en go lose my self in some blind Alley, and  
 try if any courteous Damsel will think me worth the  
 finding. [Exit Lorenzo.

*Alph.*

*Alph.* Now he begins to open.

*Bert.* Your Country rescu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!

A glorious Conquest, noble *Torrismond*!

The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,  
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours,  
The thronging Crowds press on you as you pass,  
And with their eager Joy make Triumph flow.

*Torr.* My Lord, I have no Taste

Of popular Applause; the noisic Praise  
Of giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds;  
Still vehement, and still without a Cause:  
Servants to Change, and blowing in the Tide  
Of swollen Success; but, veering with its Ebb,  
It leaves the Channel dry.

*Bert.* So young a Stoick!

*Torr.* You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one Drop  
Within these Veins for Pageants: But let Honour  
Call for my Blood, and sluice it into Streams;  
Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,  
And let me hunt her through embattel'd Foes,  
In dusty Plains, amidst the Cannons Roar,  
There will I be the first.

*Bert.* I'll try him farther

[*Aside.*]

Suppose th' assembled States of *Arragon*  
Decree a Statue to you thus inscrib'd,

" To *Torrismond*, who freed his native Land.

*Alph.* to *Ped.* Mark how he sounds and fathoms him;  
The Shallows of his Soul! [to find

*Bert.* The just Applause

Of God-like Senates, is the Stamp of Virtue,  
Which makes it pass unquestion'd though the World.  
These Honours you deserve; nor shall my Suffrage  
Be lost to fix 'em on you. If refus'd,  
You brand us all with black Ingratitude:  
For Times to come shall say, Our *Spain*, like *Rome*,  
Neglects her Champions after noble Acts,  
And lets their Laurels wither on their Heads.

*Torr.* A Statue, for a Battel blindly fought,  
Where Darkness and Surprize made Conquest cheap!  
Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,  
And struck a random Blow! 'Twas Fortune's Work,

And

And Fortune take the Praise.

*Bert.* Yet Happiness

Is the first Fame: Virtue without Success

Is a fair Picture shewn by an ill Light.

But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven:

And whom should Kings esteem above Heav'n's Darlings?

The Praises of a young and beauteous Queen

Shall crown your glorious Acts.

*Ped.* to *Alph.* There sprung the Mine.

*Torr.* The Queen! That were a Happiness too great!

Nam'd you the Queen, my Lord?

*Bert.* Yes: You have seen her, and you must confess

A Praise, a Smile, a Look from her is worth

The Shouts of thousand Amphitheatres:

She, she shall praise you, for I can oblige her:

To-morrow will deliver all her Charms

Into my Arms, and make her mine for ever.

Why stand you mute?

*Torr.* Alas! I cannot speak.

[employ'd?

*Bert.* Not speak, my Lord! How were your Thoughts

*Torr.* Nor can I think, or I am lost in Thought.

*Bert.* Thought of the Queen, perhaps?

*Torr.* Why, if it were,

Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.

*Bert.* O, now I find where your Ambition drives:

You ought not think of her.

*Torr.* So I say too.

I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad;

But who can help his Frenzy?

*Bert.* Fond young Man!

The Wings of your Ambition must be clipt:

Your shame-faced Virtue shunn'd the Peoples Praise,

And Senate's Honours: But 'tis well we know

What Esteem you hold your self at. You have fought

With some Success, and that has seal'd your Pardon.

*Torr.* Pardon from thee! O, give me Patience, Heaven!

Thrice vanquish'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'st, look out

Upon yon slaughter'd Host, that Field of Blood;

There seal my Pardon, where thy Fame was lost.

*Ped.* He's ruin'd, past Redemption!

*Alph.* [To *Torr.*] Learn Respect

# The SPANISH FRYAR.

9

To the first Prince o'th' Blood.

*Bert.* O, let him rave!

I'll not contend with Madmen.

*Torr.* I have done:

I know 'twas Madness to declare this Truth:

And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love.

'Tis true, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds;

Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Wind:

My Merit's but the raw Result of Chance:

My Birth unequal: all the Stars against me:

Pow'r, Promise, Choice; the living and the dead:

Mankind my Foes, and only Love to Friend:

But such a Love, kept at such awful Distance,

As, what it loudly dares to tell a Rival,

Shall fear to whisper there; Queens may be lov'd,

And so may Gods; else why are Altars rais'd?

Why shines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?

But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,

'Tis but to weep; and close our Eyes in Darkness. [*Exit.*]

*Bert.* 'Tis well; the Goddess shall be told, she shall,

Of her new Worshipper.

[*Exit.*]

*Ped.* So, here's fine Work!

He has supply'd his only Foe with Arms

For his Destruction. Old *Penelope's* Tale

Inverted: h' has unravell'd all by Day

That he has done by Night. — What, Planet-struck!

*Alph.* I wish I were; to be past Sense of this!

*Ped.* Wou'd I had but a Lease of Life so long,

As 'till my Flesh and Blood rebell'd this Way,

Against our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?

With a Globe in one Hand, and a Sceptre in t'other?

A very pretty Moppet!

*Alph.* Then to declare his Madness to his Rival!

His Father absent on an Embassy:

Himself a Stranger almost; wholly friendless!

A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice,

Is easier to be stop'd, than is his Ruin.

*Ped.* 'Tis fruitless to complain: haste to the Court:

Improve your Interest there, for Pardon from the Queen.

*Alph.* Weak Remedies;

But all must be attempt'd.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have sprung no Game. Our Women are worse Infidels than the *Moors*: I told 'em I was one of their Knight-Errants, that deliver'd them from Ravishment: and I think in my Conscience that's their Quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your Cousin is run honourably mad in Love with her Majesty: He is split upon a Rock: and you, who are in chace of Harlots, are sinking in the main Ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family. [Exit.]

Lorenzo solus.

Lor. My Cousin ruin'd, says he! hum, not that I wish my Kinsman's Ruin; that were Unchristian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Heir; there's Comfort for a Christian. Money I have, I thank the honest *Moors* for't; but I want a Mistress. I am willing to be lewd; but the Tempter is wanting on his Part.

Enter Elvira veil'd.

Elv. Stranger! Cavalier! ——— will you not hear me? you Moor-killer, you Matador. ———

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elv. Face about, Man; you a Soldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charg'd first: I see Souls will not be lost for want of Diligence in this Devil's Reign. [Aside.]

To her.] Now, Madam *Cynthia* behind a Cloud; your Will and Pleasure with me?

Elv. You have the Appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold Discourse with you at first Sight; you are Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an Apology: and to lay the Blame on Stars, or Destiny, or what you please, to excuse the Frailty of a Woman.

Lor. O, I love an easie Woman: there's such a-do to crack a thick-shell'd Mistress; we break our Teeth, and find no Kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take Pity on a Stranger; and not to suffer him to fall into ill Hands at his first Arival.

Elv.



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*Elv.* You may have a better Opinion of me than I deserve; you have not seen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are Heart-whole.

*Lor.* Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your Head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing Metal, there's but one Way with me: Let me see you, for the Safeguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon should be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

*Elv.* What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the Wars? I could answer you with another in my Profession: Suppose you were in want of Mony; wou'd you not be glad to take a Sum upon Content in a seal'd Bagg, without peeping? — but however, I will not stand with you for a Sample.

[Lifts up her Veil.]

*Lor.* What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd: they are too sharp to be trusted out o'th' Scabbard.

*Elv.* Perhaps now you may accuse my Forwardness; but this Day of Jubilee is the only time of Freedom I have had: and there is nothing so extravagant as a Prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

*Lor.* To confess freely to you, Madam, I was never in Love with less than your whole Sex before: but now I have seen you, I am in the direct Road of languishing and sighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know by to-morrow Morning you may hear of me in Rime and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these Symptoms in my self: perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I shall drudge and moil at Constancy, 'till I have worn off the hitching in my Pace.

*Elv.* Oh Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildest Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and feed 'em seldom: now I know your Temper, you may thank your self if you are kept to hard Meat: — you are in for Years, if you make Love to me.

*Lor.* I hate a formal Obligation with an *Anno Domini* at End on't; there may be an evil Meaning in the Word Years, call'd Matrimony.

*Elv.*

*Elv.* I can easily rid you of that fear: I wish I could rid my self as easily of the Bondage.

*Lor.* Then you are married?

*Elv.* If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old Man be a Husband.

*Lor.* Three as good Qualities for my Purpose as I could wish: now Love be prais'd.

*Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.*

*Elv.* [*Aside.*] If I get not home before my Husband, I shall be ruin'd. ————— [*To him.* I dare not stay to tell you where ————— farewel, ————— could I once more ————— [*Exit.*

*Lor.* This is unconscionable Dealing; to be made a Slave, and not know whose Livery I wear: ————— Who have we yonder?

*Enter Gomez.*

By that shambling in his Walk, it should be my rich old Banker, *Gomez*, whom I knew at *Barcelona*: As I live 'tis he. —————

[*To Gomez*] What, Old Mammon here?

*Gom.* How! young *Beelzebub*!

*Lor.* What Devil has set his Claws into thy Haunches, and brought thee hither to *Saragossa*? Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

*Gom.* I always remove before the Enemy: When the *Moors* are ready to besiege one Town, I shift Quarters to the next; I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

*Lor.* That's but a Hair's Breadth at farthest.

*Gom.* Well, you have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it: There are Bonfires decreed; and the Times had not been hard, my Billet should have burnt too.

*Lor.* I dare say for thee, thou hast such a Respect for a single Billet, thou would'st almost have thrown on thy self to save it; thou art for saving every thing but thy Soul.

*Gom.* Well, well, you'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own Charges.

*Lor.* No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy self for such an Extravagance; and instead of it, thou shalt do me a  
meer

meer verbal Courtesie: I have just now seen a most incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young Lady? — my Mind misgives me plausibly. [*Aside.*

Lor. Here, Man, just before this Corner-house: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-house.

Gom [*Aside*] Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thy self? Hast thou any thing to say against the Honesty of that House?

Gom Not I, Colonel the Walls are very honest Stone, and the Timber very honest Wood, for ought I know; but for the Woman I cannot say, till I know her better: Describe her Person and if she live in this Quarter, I may give you Tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, dark colour'd Hair, the most bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the most roguish Cast; her Cheeks are dimpled when she smiles, and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. [*Aside*] I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.— Go on—— Colonel—— have you no other Marks of her?

Lor. Thou hast all her Marks, but that she has a Husband, a jealous, covetous, old Huncks: Speak; canst thou tell me News of her?

Gom. Yes, this News, Colonel, that you have seen your last of her.

Lor. If thou help'st me not to the Knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gom. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you, Colonel *Hernando*: Once more, you have seen your last of her.

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am glad he knows me only by that Name of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona*; now he can tell no Tales of me to my Father.

To him.] Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou could'st get by't — Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning Colour: — Thou art not Proof against Gold sure! — Do not I know thee for a covetous —

Gom. Jealous old Huncks; those were the Marks of your Mistress's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor

Lor. Oh the Devil! What a Rogue in Understanding was I, not to find him out sooner! [Aside.

Gom. Do, do, look fillily, good Colonel; 'tis a decent Melancholy after an absolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez: — but —

Gom. But — no Pumping, my dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang Pumping; I was — thinking a little upon a Point of Gratitude: We two have been long Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make some Interest: Go to; thou wert born to Authority; I'll make thee *Alcaide*, Mayor of *Saragossa*.

Gom. Satisfie your self; you shall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the Face of a Magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magistrate's Head to my Magistrate's Face; I thank you, Colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle Story — That Woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly Woman, for t'other was a Lye; — is no more thy Wife: — As I'll go home with thee, and satisfie thee immediately, my dear Friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that Trouble; no not so much as a single Visit; not so much as an Embassy by a civil old Woman, nor a Serenade of *Twinkle-dum Twinkle-dum* under my Windows: Nay, I will advise you, out of my Tenderness to your Person, that you walk not near yon Corner-house by Night; for to my certain Knowledge there are Blunderbusses planted in every Loop-hole, that go off constanty of their own Accord at the squeaking of a Fiddle and the thrumming of a Guittar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open War against thee: I'll demolish thy Citadel by force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee; my thousand red Locusts, that shall devour thee in free Quarter. — Farewel, wrought Night-cap. [Exit Lorenzo.

Gom. Farewel, Buff! Free Quarter for a Regiment of Red-coat Locusts? I hope to see 'em all in the Red-Sea first! — But oh, this *Jezabel* of mine! I'll get a Physician that shall prescribe her an Ounce of *Camphire* every Morning for her Breakfast, to abate Incontinency. She shall

shall never peep abroad, nor not to Church for Confession;  
and for never going, she shall be condemn'd for a Heretick.  
She shall have Stripes by *Troy-weight*, and Sustainance by  
Drachms and Scruples: Nay, I'll have a Fasting Almanack  
printed on purpose for her use, in which

No Carnival nor *Christmas* shall appear,  
But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the Year.

[Exit Gomez.]



# ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Queen's Anti-chamber.*

*Alphonso, Pedro.*

*Alph.* WHEN saw you my *Lorenzo*?

*Ped.* I had a Glimpse of him; but he shot  
Like a young Hound upon a burning Scent: [by me  
He's gone a Harlot-hunting.

*Alph.* His foreign Breeding might have taught him bet-

*Ped.* 'Tis that has taught him this. [ter.

What learn our Youth abroad, but to refine  
The homely Vices of their native Land?  
Give me an honest home-spun Country Clown  
Of our own Growth; his Dullness is but plain,  
But theirs embroider'd; they are sent out Fools,  
But come back Fops.

*Alph.* You know what Reasons urg'd me;  
But now I have accomplish'd my Designs,  
I thou'd be glad he knew 'em. — His wild Riots  
Disturb my Soul; but they wou'd sit more close,  
Did not the threaten'd Downfall of our House,  
In *Torrismond*, o'erwhelm my private Ills.

*Enter Bertran attended, and whispering with a Court'er, aside.*

*Bert.* I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;  
If he presume to own it, she's so proud,  
He tempts his certain Ruin. [on us.

*Alph.* [to *Ped.*] Mark how disdainfully he throws his Eyes  
Our old imprison'd King wore no such Looks.

*Ped.* O, wou'd the General shake off his Dotage to th' u-  
surping Queen, B 2 And



And re-inthroned good venerable *Sancho*,  
 I'll undertake, should *Bertran* sound his Trumpets,  
 And *Torrismond* but whistle through his Fingers,  
 He draws his Army off.

*Alph.* I told him so;

But had an Answer louder than a Storm.

*Ped.* Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-Loyalty!  
 I hate to see a brave bold Fellow sotted,  
 Made sour and senseless, turn'd to Whey by Love;  
 A driveling Hero, fit for a Romance.

O, here he comes; what will their Greetings be!

*Enter Torrismond attended, Bertran and he meet and jangle.*

*Bert.* Make Way, my Lords, and let the Pageant pass.

*Tor.* I make my Way, where-e'er I see my Foe:  
 But you, my Lord, are good at a Retreat.  
 I have no *Moors* behind me.

*Bert.* Death and Hell!

Dare to speak thus when you come out again.

*Tor.* Dare to provoke me thus, insulting Man.

*Enter Teresa.*

*Ter.* My Lords, you are too loud so near the Queen:  
 You, *Torrismond*, have much offended her,  
 'Tis her Command you instantly appear,  
 To answer your Demeanour to the Prince.

*[Exit Teresa; Bertran with his Company follow her.]*

*Tor.* O *Pedro*, O *Alphonso*, pity me!

A Grove of Pikes,

Whose polish'd Steel from far severely shines,  
 Are not so dreadful as this beauteous Queen.

*Alph.* Call up your Courage timely to your Aid,  
 And, like a Lion press'd upon the Toils,  
 Leap on your Hunters. Speak your Actions boldly;  
 There is a Time when modest Virtue is  
 Allow'd to Praise it self.

*Ped.* Heart, you were hot enough, too hot, but now;  
 Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Fume:  
 But since this Message came, you sink and settle,  
 As if cold Water had been pour'd upon you.

*Tor.* Alas, thou know'st not what it is to love!  
 When we behold an Angel, not to fear,  
 Is to be impudent:—— No, I'm resolv'd,

Like



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Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll go,  
And, dying, bless the Hand that gave the Blow. [*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE draws, and shews the Queen sitting in State.  
Bertran standing next her; then Teresa, &c.  
She rises, and comes to the Front.*

*Qu. Leonora to Bert.*] I blame not you, my Lord; my  
Father's Will,

Your own Deserts and all my People's Voice,  
Have plac'd you in the View of Sov'reign Power.  
But I would learn the Cause, why *Torrismond*,  
Within my Palace-Walls, within my Hearing,  
Almost within my Sight, affronts a Prince  
Who sh<sup>ld</sup> rtly shall command him.

*Bert.* He thinks you owe him more than you can pay,  
And looks as he were Lord of Human Kind.

*Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. Torrismond bows low,  
then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at Distance.  
Teresa. Madam, the General.* ———

*Qu.* Let me view him well.

My Father sent him early to the Frontiers.  
I have not often seen him; if I did,  
He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.  
But where's the Fierceness, the disdainful Pride,  
The haughty Port, the fiery Arrogance?  
By all these Marks, this is not sure the Man.

*Bert.* Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult,  
Whose fierce Demeanour, and whose Insolence  
The Patience of a God could not support.

*Qu.* Name his Offence, my Lord, and he shall have  
Immediate Punishment.

*Bert.* 'Tis of so high a Nature, should I speak it,  
That my Presumption then would equal his.

*Qu.* Some one among you speak.

*Ped. [Aside.]* Now my Tongue itches.

*Qu.* All dumb! On your Allegiance, *Torrismond*,  
By all your Hopes. I do command you, speak.

*Tor. [Kneeling.]* O seek not to convince me of a Crime  
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;  
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,  
That he who, thus commanded, dares to speak,

Unless commanded, would have dy'd in Silence,  
 But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my Hopes!  
 Hopes I have none, for I am all Despair;  
 Friends I have none, for Friendship follows Favour;  
 Desert I've none, for what I did was Duty:  
 Oh that it were! that it were Duty all!

*Qu.* Why do you pause? proceed.

*Tor.* As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,  
 Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,  
 Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub  
 To break his dreadful Fall; ——— so I: ———  
 But whither am I going? If to Death,  
 He looks so lovely sweet in Beauty's Pomp,  
 He draws me to his Dart. ——— I dare no more.

*Ber.* He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.  
 Whips, Darkness, Dungeons for this Insolence. ———

*Tor.* Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear. ———

*Qu.* You're both too bold. You *Torrismond*, withdraw;  
 I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.

For you, my Lord, ———  
 The Priest to-morrow was to join our Hands;  
 I'll try if I can live a Day without you.  
 So both of you depart, and live in Peace.

*Alph.* Who knows which Way she points!  
 Doubling and turning like an hunted Hare.  
 Find out the Meaning of her Mind who can.

*Ped.* Who ever found a Woman's? backward and forward.  
 The whole Sex in every Word. In my Conscience when  
 she was getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.*]

*Qu.* Haste, my *Teresa*, haste, and call him back.

*Ter.* Whom, Madam? *Qu.* Him. *Ter.* Prince *Bertran*?

*Qu.* *Torrismond*;

There is no other He.

*Ter.* [*Aside*] A rising Sun,  
 Or I am much deceiv'd. [*Exit Teresa.*]

*Qu.* A Change so swift, what Heart did ever feel!  
 It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream,  
 And bore me in a Moment far from Shore.  
 I've lov'd away my self; in one short Hour  
 Already am I gone an Age of Passion.

Was

Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?  
 These might perhaps be found in other Men.  
 'Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me;  
 That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,  
 And with a silent Earthquake shook his Soul.  
 But, when he spoke, what tender Words he said!  
 So softly, that like Flakes of feather'd Snow,  
 They melted as they fell —

*Enter Teresa with Torrismond.*

*Tor.* He waits your Pleasure.

*Qu.* 'Tis well; retire — Oh Heav'ns, that I must speak  
 So distant from my Heart — [Aside.

To *Tor.*] How now! What Boldness brings you back

*Tor.* I heard 'twas your Command. [again?

*Qu.* A fond Mistake,  
 To credit so unlikely a Command.  
 And you return full of the same Presumption,  
 To affront me with your Love?

*Tor.* If 'tis Presumption for a Wretch condemn'd  
 To throw himself beneath his Judge's Feet:  
 A Boldness more than this I never knew;  
 Or, if I did, 'twas only to your Foes.

*Qu.* You would insinuate your past Services,  
 And those I grant were great; but you confess  
 A Fault committed since, that cancels all.

*Tor.* And who cou'd dare to disavow his Crime,  
 When that, for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,  
 He bears about him still! My Eyes confess it;  
 My very Action speaks my Heart aloud.  
 But oh, the Madness of my high Attempt.  
 Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,  
 I love and I despair.

*Qu.* Have you not heard,  
 My Father, with his dying Voice, bequeath'd  
 My Crown and me to *Bertran*? And dare you,  
 A private Man, presume to love a Queen?

*Tor.* That, that's the Wound! I see you set so high,  
 As no Desert or Services can reach.  
 Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul,  
 And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay!  
 Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,

And such a Span to grasp 'em? Sure my Lot  
By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd  
In Fate's Eternal Volume!—— But I rave,  
And, like a giddy Bird in Dead of Night,  
Fly round the Fire that scorches me to Death.

*Qu.* Yet, *Torrismond*, you've not so ill deserv'd,  
But I may give you Counsel for your Cure.

*Tor* I cannot, nay I wish not to be cur'd.

*Qu.* [*Aside.*] Nor I, Heav'n knows.

*Tor.* There is a Pleasure sure

In being mad, which none but Madmen know!  
Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!  
And, since you are too great to be belov'd,  
Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

*Qu.* These are the Words which I must only hear  
From *Bertran's* Mouth; they should displease from you:  
I say they should; but Women are so vain  
To like the Love, though they despise the Lover.  
Yet, that I may not send you from my Sight  
In absolute Despair—— I pity you.

*Tor.* Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!  
Death, take me in this Moment of my Joy:  
But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion,  
Spare this one Thought, let me remember Pity;  
And so deceiv'd, think all my Life was bless'd.

*Qu.* What if I add a little to my Alms?  
If that would help, I could cast in a Tear  
To your Misfortune.——

*Tor.* A Tear! You have o'erbid all my past Sufferings,  
And all my future too!

*Qu.* Were I no Queen——  
Or you of Royal Blood——

*Tor.* What have I lost by my Fore-father's Fault?  
Why was not I the twentieth by Descent  
From a long festive Race of droning Kings?  
Love! what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,  
When Gold and Titles buy thee?

*Qu.* [*Sighs.*] Oh, my Torture!——

*Tor.* Might I presume, but oh, I dare not hope  
That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!

*Qu.* I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you

To

To make the best Construction for your Love.  
Be secret and discreet; these fairy Favours  
Are lost when not conceal'd; — provoke not *Bertran*. —  
Retire; I must no more but this, — Hope, *Torrismond*.

[*Exit.*

*Tor.* She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; she pities me!  
And Pity still fore-runs approaching Love;  
As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps,  
Ye Angels, to that Sound; and thou, my Heart,  
Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joy.  
Hence all my Grievs, and every anxious Care:  
One Word, and one kind Glance, can cure Despair. [*Exit.*

**S C E N E** *a Chamber.*

*A Table and Wine set out.*

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* This may hit, 'tis more than barely possible: for  
Fryars have free Admittance into every House. This *Jacobin*,  
whom I have sent to, is her Confessor; and who can  
suspect a Man of such Reverence for a Pimp? I'll try for  
once: I'll bribe him high: for commonly none love Mo-  
ney better than they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* There's a huge, fat, religious Gentleman coming  
up Sir; he says he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to  
be a Pope; his Gills are as rosie as a Turkey-Cock; his  
great Belly walks in State before him like an Harbinger;  
and his gouty Legs come limping after it: Never was  
such a Tun of Devotion seen.

*Lor.* Bring him in, and vanish.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Father Dominick.*

*Lor.* Welcome, Father.

*Dom.* Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for to  
a dying Man; to have fitted him for another World.

*Lor.* No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking such  
long Journeys. Repose your self, I beseech you, Sir, if  
those spindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next  
Chair.

*Dom.* I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with-  
fasting.

B 5

*Lor.* 'Tis a Sign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jowls, Father. Come, ——— to our better Acquaintance: ——— here's a Sovereign Remedy for old Age and Sorrow. [*Drinks.*]

*Dom.* The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you Reason. [*Drinks.*]

*Lor.* Is it to your Palate, Father?

*Dom.* Second Thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again. [*Drinks.*]

It has a most delicious Flavour with it.

God forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your Health, Son, I am not us'd to be so unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*]

*Lor.* No, I'll be sworn by what I see of you, you are not: ——— To the Bottom. ——— I warrant him a true Church-man. ——— Now, Father, to our Business. 'tis agreeable to your Calling; I intend to do an Act of Charity.

*Dom.* And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable Subject.

*Lor.* Being in the late Battel, in great Hazard of my Life, I recommended my Person to good St. *Dominick*.

*Dom.* You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a sure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

*Lor.* Troth I e'en made bold to strike up a Bargain with him, that if I escap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd present some Brother of his Order with Part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable Uses.

*Dom.* There you hit him: St. *Dominick* loves Charity exceedingly: that Argument never fails with him.

*Lor.* The Spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make short my Story; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the worthiest Man: — here are Fifty good Pieces in this Purse.

*Dom.* How, Fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Conscience.

*Lor.* Here; take 'em, Father.

*Dom.* No, in Troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

*Lor.* If you are modest, I must force you: for I am strongest.

*Dom.*



*Dom.* Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your Strength against a decrepit, poor, old Man? *[Takes the Purse.]*

As I said, 'tis too great a Bounty; but *St. Dominick* shall owe you another Scape: I'll put him in Mind of you.

*Lor.* If you please, Father, we will not trouble him 'till the next Battel. But you may do me a greater Kindness, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

*Dom.* A Female Saint! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the Female Saints.

*Lor.* I mean a Female, mortal, Married-Woman-Saint: Look upon the Superscription of this Note; you know *Don Gomez* his Wife. *[Gives him a Letter.]*

*Dom.* Who, *Donna Elvira*? I think I have some Reason: I am her Ghostly Father.

*Lor.* I have some Business of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper; but her Husband is so horribly given to be jealous——

*Dom.* Ho, jealous? he's the very Quintessence of Jealousie: he keeps no Male Creature in his House: and from abroad he let's no Man come near her.

*Lor.* Excepting you, Father.

*Dom.* Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in Spiritual Affairs. But he has his Humours with me too: for t'other Day, he call'd me False Apostle.

*Lor.* Did he so? that reflects upon you all; on my Word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious Action; you might revenge the Church's Quarrel.——My Letter, Father.——

*Dom.* Well, so far as a Letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuse to a Man so charitably given?

*Lor.* If you bring an Answer back, that Purse in your Hand has a Twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look: there are Fifty Pieces lye dormant in it, for more Charities.

*Dom.* That must not be: not a Farthing more upon my Priesthood.——But what may be the Purport and Meaning of this Letter; that I confess a little troubles me.

*Lor.* No Harm, I warrant you.

*Dom.*

*D.m.* Well, you are a charitable Man; and I'll take your Word: my Comfort is, I know not the Contents; and so far I am blameless. But an Answer you shall have: though not for the Sake of your Fifty Pieces more: I have sworn not to take them: they shall not be altogether Fifty: ——— your Mistress, ——— forgive me that I should call her your Mistress, I meant *Elvira*, lives but at next Door: I'll visit her immediately: but not a Word more of the nine and forty Pieces. ———

*Lor.* Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs. ——— Fifty Pounds for the Postage of a Letter! to send by the Church is certainly the dearest Road in Christendom. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE a Chamber.

*Enter Gomez, and Elvira.*

*Gom.* Henceforth I banish Flesh and Wine: I'll have none stirring within these Walls these twelve Months.

*Elv.* I care not; the sooner I am starv'd, the sooner I am rid of Wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast a-days; you have us'd me to fasting Nights already.

*Gom.* How the Gipsy answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious Hilding!

*Elv.* [*Crying.*] But was ever poor innocent Creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless Chat?

*Gom.* Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Lascivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

*Elv.* Was it such a Crime to enquire how the Battel pass'd?

*Gom.* But that was not the Business, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battel past; you were engaging for a Skirmish that was to come.

*Elv.* An honest Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her Honour was safe, and her Enemies were slain.

*Gom.* [*In her Tone.*] And to ask, if he were wounded in your Defence; and, in Case he were, to offer your self to be his Chirurgeon; ——— then, you did not describe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich, old Huncks.

*Elv.* No, I need not: he describes himself sufficiently: bat, in what Dream did I do this?

*Gom.*

*Gom.* You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at Noon-Day; and dreamt you were talking to the foresaid Purpose with one Colonel *Hernando*. ———

*Elv.* Who, dear Husband, who?

*Gom.* What the Devil have I said? You wou'd have farther Information, wou'd you?

*Elv.* No, but my dear, little, old Man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your Sake.

*Gom.* Get you up in your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your self: be confin'd, I say, during our Royal Pleasure: But, first, down on your Marrow-bones, upon your Allegiance; and make an Acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction.

[ *Pulls her down.*

*Elv.* I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submission: But I'll complain to my Ghostly Father.

*Gom.* Ay; There's your Remedy: When you receive condign Punishment, you run with open Mouth to your Confessor; that Parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge; he must chuckle you and moan you: but I'll rid my Hands of his Ghostly Authority one Day, [ *Enter Dominick.* ] and make him know he's the Son of a ——— [ *sees him.* ] So; ——— no sooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle. ———

*Dom.* Son of a what, Don *Gomez*?

*Gom.* Why, a Son of a Church, I hope there's no Harm in that, Father.

*Dom.* I will lay up your Words for you 'till time shall serve: and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast, for Penance.

*Gom.* [ *aside.* ] There's no Harm in that; she shall fast too: Fasting saves Money.

*Dom.* [ *to Elvira* ] What was the Reason that I found you upon your Knees, in that unseemly Posture?

*Gom.* [ *aside.* ] O horrible! to find a Woman upon her Knees, he says, is an unseemly Posture; there's a Priest for you!

*Elv.* [ *to Dom.* ] I wish, Father, you wou'd give me an Opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have somewhat upon my Spirits presses me exceedingly.

*Dom.* [ *aside.* ] This goes well: *Gomez*, stand you at a Distance, ——— farther yet, ——— stand out of Ear-shot, ——— I have somewhat to say to your Wife in private. *Gom.*

Gom. [*aside.*] Was ever Man thus Priest-ridden? would the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am sure there's Room for it.

Elv. I am ashamed to acknowledge my Infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture, to, — and yet I dare not. —

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful; — if you keep your Wound from the Knowledge of your Surgeon; —

Elv. You know my Husband is a Man in Years; but he's my Husband: and therefore I shall be silent: but his Humours are more intolerable than his Age: he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turn'd my Heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, has forc'd me to cast my Affections on another Man.

Dom. Good: — hold, hold; I meant abominable: — Pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [*aside.*]

Elv. I have seen this Man, Father; and have encourag'd his Addresses: he's a young Gentleman, a Soldier, of a most winning Carriage; and what his Courtship may produce at last, I know not; but I am afraid of my own Frailty.

Dom. [*aside.*] 'Tis he for certain: — she has sav'd the Credit of my Function, by speaking first; now I must take Gravity upon me.

Gom. [*aside.*] This Whispering bodes me no Good for certain; but he has me so plaguily under the Lash, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your Matrimonial Vow?

Elv. Yes, to my Sorrow, Father, I do remember it: a miserable Woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriage Vow is but a thing of course, which all Women take, when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very solemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it: — but, notwithstanding, it may be broken, upon some Occasions. — Have you striven with all your Might against this Frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have striven; but I found it was against the Stream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom.

*Dom.* 'Tis your Duty to strive always: but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the Sin.

*Gom.* I can hold no longer ——— Now, Gentlewoman, you are confessing your Enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical, down-cast Look: enjoin her to sit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can do no less in Conscience.

*Dom.* Hold your Peace; are you growing mopey? will you force me to make Use of my Authority? your Wife's a well-dispos'd and a virtuous Lady; I say it, *In verbo Sacerdotis.*

*Elv.* I know not what to do, Father; I find my self in a most desperate Condition; and so is the Colonel for Love of me.

*Dom.* The Colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young Man. I must confess, worthy of any Lady's Love in Christendom; in a lawful Way, I mean; of such a charming Behaviour, so bewitching to a Woman's Eyes; and furthermore, so charitably given; by all good Tokens, this must be my Colonel *Hernando*.

*Elv.* Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

*Dom.* Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for Love of you: for he press'd a Letter upon me. within this Hour, to deliver to you: I confess, I receiv'd it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full Resolution, never to put it into your Hands.

*Elv.* O, dear Father, let me have it, or I shall dye!

*Gom.* Whispering still! A Pox of your close Committee! I'll listen, I'm resolv'd. [ *Steals nearer.* ]

*Dom.* Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it, ——— use your Discretion, but for my Part, I wash my Hands on't. ——— What makes you list'ning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

*Elv.* I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

*Dom.* At your Peril be it then. I have told you the ill Consequences; & *liberavi animam meam* ——— Your Reputation



putation is in Danger, to say nothing of your Soul. Notwithstanding, when the Spiritual Means have been apply'd, and fail: in that Case, the Carnal may be us'd, ——— You are a tender Child, you are; and must not be put into Despair: your Heart is as soft and as melting as your Hand. *[He strokes her Face; takes her by the Hand; and gives the Letter.]*

*Gom.* Hold, hold, Father, you go beyond your Commission: Palming is always held foul Play amongst Gamblers.

*Dom.* Thus, good Intentions are misconstrued by wicked Men: you will never be warn'd till you are excommunicate.

*Gom.* *[aside.]* Ah, Devil on him; there's his Hold! if there were no more in Excommunication than the Church's Censure, a wise Man wou'd lick his Conscience whole with a wet Finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am out-law'd; and then there's no calling in my Mony.

*Elv.* *[rising.]* I have read the Note, Father, and will send him an Answer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

*Dom.* I understand it not, for my Part; but I wish your Intentions be honest. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a silent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will dye, unless you pity him: to save a Man's Life is a Point of Charity; and Actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may say, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farewell, Daughter. — *Gomez*, cherish your virtuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction. *[Going.]*

*Gom.* Stay; I'll conduct you to the Door, ——— that I may be sure you steal nothing by the Way. ——— Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing. ——— Oh, 'tis a *Judas Iscariot*. *[Exit after the Fryar.]*

*Elv.* This Fryar is a comfortable Man! He will understand nothing of the Business; and yet does it all.

*Pray, Wives and Virgins, at your Time of Need,  
For a True Guide, of my Good Father's Breed.*

*[Exit.]*

ACT





ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

*Enter Lorenzo in Fryar's Habit, meeting Dominick.*

Lor. **F**ather *Dominick*, Father *Dominick*; Why in such Haste, Man?

Dom. It shou'd seem a Brother of our Order.

Lor. No, 'faith, I am only your Brother in Iniquity: my Holiness, like yours, is meer Out-side.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphosis! On what Occasion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter* into a Town-Bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in Answer to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have deliver'd my Message faithfully: I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your Hint: the other Fifty-Pieces are ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit!

Lor. 'Tis a Habit, that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication; You have begun the Design in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The Husband is absent; that evil Counsellor is remov'd; and the Sovereign is graciously dispos'd to hear my Grievances.

Dom. Go to, go to; I find good Counsel is but thrown away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son!

Lor. How! will you turn Recreant at the last Cast? You must along to countenance my Undertaking: We are at the Door, Man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, Father; but no fifty Pounds without it; that was only promis'd in the Bond: But the Condition of this Obligation is such, That if the above-named Father, Father *Dominick*, do not well and faithfully perform ———

*Dom.*

*Dom.* Now I better think on't, I will bear you Company; for the Reverence of my Presence may be a Curb to your Exorbitancies.

*Lor.* Lead up your *Myrmidon*, and enter. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter Elvira, in her Chamber.*

*Elv.* He'll come, that's certain; young Appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a Banquet—Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not till I have compass'd my Design, never Woman had such a Husband to provoke her, such a Lover to allure her, or such a Confessor to absolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Conscience, that's safe enough; my ghostly Father has given it a Dose of Church-Opium to lull it: Well, for soothing Sin, I'll say that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Christendom.

*Enter Lorenzo and Dominic.*

O, Father *Dominic*, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

*Lor.* [ *lifting up his Hood.* ] I'll shew you that immediately.

*Elv.* O, my Love!

*Lor.* My Life!

*Elv.* My Soul!

[ *They embrace.*

*Dom.* I am taken on the sudden with a grievous Swimming in my Head, and such a Mist before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

*Elv.* Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable Water.

*Dom.* No, no; nothing but the open Air will do me good. I'll take a Turn in your Garden; but remember that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good Opinion of you.

[ *Exit Dominic.*

*Elv.* This is certainly the Dust of Gold which you have thrown in the good Man's Eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see; for my Mind misgives me, this Sickness of his is but Apocryphal!

*Lor.* 'Tis no Qualm of Conscience I'll be sworn. You see, Madam, 'tis Interest governs all the World: He preaches against Sin; why? because he gets by't: He holds his Tongue: why? because so much more is bidden for his Silence.

*Elv.* And so much for the Fryar.

*Lor.*

*Lor.* Oh, those Eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

*Elv.* Do you consider the Hazard I have run to see you-here? if you do, methinks it shou'd inform you, that I love not at a common Rate.

*Lor.* Nay if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell Beads? Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his Opportunities; he must be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treasurer, for he bolts out on the sudden, and if you take him not in the Nick, he vanishes in a Twinkling.

*Elv.* Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? You Men are all like Warches, wound up for striking Twelve immediately; but after you are satisfied, the very next that follows, is the solitary Sound of single One.

*Lor.* How, Madam! do you invite me to a Feast, and then preach Abstinence?

*Elv.* No, I invite you to a Feast where the Dishes are serv'd up in order: You are for making a hasty Meal, and for chopping up your Entertainment, like an hungry Clown. Trust my Management, good Colonel, and call not for your Dessert too soon: Believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloyes the soonest.

*Lor.* I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this Distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me: What am I to undertake or suffer e'er I can be happy?

*Elv.* I must be satisfied that you love me.

*Lor.* By all that's holy, by these dear Eyes.

*Elv.* Spare your Oaths and Protestations; I know you Gallants of the time have a Mint at your Tongue's End to coin them.

*Lor.* You know you cannot marry me; but by Heavens, if you were in a Condition ———

*Elv.* Then you would not be so prodigal of your Promises, but have the Fear of Matrimony before your Eyes. In few Words, if you love me, as you profess, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of Egypt, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

*Lor.*

*Lor.* I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, Lady mine, I take you at your Word; and if you are for a merry Jant, I'll try for once who can foot it farthest: There are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found: I with my Knapfack, and you with your Bottle at your Back: We'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the Ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

*Elv.* Give me your Hand, and strike a Bargain.

[*He takes her Hand and Kisses it.*]

*Lor.* In Sign a d Token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and so forth ——— When should I be weary of sealing upon this soft Wax?

*Elv.* O heavens! I hear my Husband's Voice.

*Enter Gomez*

*Gom.* Where are you Gentlewoman? there's something in the Wind I'm sure, because your Woman would have run up Stairs before me; but I have secur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps ——— Now, in the Devil's Name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like these frequent Conjunctions of the Flesh and Spirit; they are boring.

*Elv.* Go hence, Good Father; my Husband you see is in an ill Humour, and I would not have you Witness of his Folly.

[*Lorenzo going.*]

*Gom.* [*running to the Door.*] By your Reverence's favour, hold a little, I must examine you something better before you go. Hey-day! who have we here? Father *Dominic* is shrunk in the Wetting two Yards and a Half about the Belly. What are become of those two Timber-logs that he us'd to wear for Legs, that stood strutting like the two black Posts before a Door? I am afraid some bad Body has been setting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the Quantity for a Receipt. This is no Father *Dominick*, no huge over-grown Abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking Fryar: As sure as a Gun now, Father *Dominic* has been spawning this young slender Anti-christ.

*Elv.* [*Aside.*] He will be found, there's no Prevention.

*Gom.* Why does he not speak? What! is the Fryar poss-

self's'd

self's'd with a dumb Devil? if he be, I shall make bold to conjure him.

*Elv.* He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoyn'd Silence for a Penance.

*Gom.* A Novice, quoth-a; you would make a Novice of me too if you could: But what was his Business here? Answer me that, Gentlewoman, answer me that.

*Elv.* What should it be, but to give me some spiritual Instructions?

*Gom.* Very good; and you are like to edify much from a dumb Preacher. This will not pass; I must examine the Contents of him a little closer: O thou Confessor! confess who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World.

[*He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him: his Habit flies open, and discovers a Sword: Gomez starts back.*  
As I live, this is a manifest Member of the Church militant.

*Lor.* [*Aside*] I am discover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge. — Yes, faith 'tis I, honest Gomez; thou seest I use thee like a Friend; this is a familiar Visit.

*Gom.* What! Colonel *Hernando* turn'd a Fryar! who could have suspected you for so much Godliness?

*Lor.* E'en as thou seest I make bold here.

*Gom.* A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Visit, after so friendly an Invitation as I made you. Marry, I hope you will excuse the Blunderbuffes for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your Hour, and all shall be mended another time.

*Lor.* Hang it, I hate such ripping up of old Unkindness: I was upon the Frolick this Evening, and came to visit thee in Masquerade.

*Gom.* Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an Hour with my Wife or so.

*Lor.* Right; thou speak'st my very Soul.

*Gom.* Why, am not I a Friend then to help you out? you would have been fumbling half an Hour for this Excuse — But, as I remember, you promis'd to storm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of red Locusts upon me for free Quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are black Locusts in the World as well as red.

*Elv.*



*Elv.* [*Aside.*] When comes my Share of the Reckoning to be call'd for?

*Lor.* Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honestest, kind Man; I was resolv'd I would not out of thy House till I had seen thee.

*Gom.* No, in my Conscience, if I had staid abroad till Midnight. But Colonel, you and I shall talk in another Tone hereafter; I mean, in cold Friendship, at a Bar before a Judge, by the way of Plaintiff and Defendant. Your Excuses want some Grains to make 'em current; Hum and Ha will not do the Business—— There's a modest Lady of your Acquaintance, she has so much Grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the Power of Dame Nature working in her Body to youthful Appetite.

*Elv.* How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his Habit.

*Gom.* Ay, ay, the Virtues of that Habit are known abundantly.

*Elv.* I could not hinder his Entrance, for he took me unprovided.

*Gom.* To resist him.

*Elv.* I'm sure he has not been here above a Quarter of an Hour.

*Gom.* And a Quarter of that time would have serv'd thy Turn: O thou Epitome of thy virtuous Sex! Madam *Messalina* the Second, retire to thy Apartment: I have an Assignment there to make with thee.

*Elv.* I am all Obedience —— [*Exit Elvira.*]

*Lor.* I find, *Gomez*, you are not the Man I thought you: We may meet before we come to the Bar, we may, and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons than by Lawyers Tongues. In the mean time no ill Treatment of your Wife, as you hope to dye a natural Death, and go to Hell in your Bed. *Bilbo* is the Word, remember that and tremble —— [*He's going out.*]

*Enter Dominie.*

*Dom.* Where is this naughty Couple? where are you, in the Name of Goodness? My Mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer with your selves: Here will be fine Work, I'm afraid, at your next Confession.



# The SPANISH FRYAR. 35

*Lor.* [*Aside.*] The Devil is punctual, I see; he has paid me the Shame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming for his Part too.

*Dom.* [*Seeing Gom.*] Bless my Eyes! what do I see?

*Gom.* Why, you see a Cuckold of this honest Gentleman's making; I thank him for his Pains.

*Dom.* I confess I am astonish'd!

*Gom.* What, at a Cuckoldom of your own Contrivance! your Head-piece and his Limbs have done my Business ———— Nay, do not look so strangely: remember your own Words, Here will be fine Work at your next Confession. What naughty Couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had trusted 'em a full Quarter of an Hour; and, by the way, Horns will sprout in less time than Mushrooms.

*Dom.* Beware how you accuse one of my Order upon slight Suspensions. The naughty Couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animosities on both Sides. Now that was the Occasion, mark me, *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enraged Spirits too long together. You might have broken out into Revilings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confessions.

*Lor.* [*Aside.*] Well said i'faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy felt, but poor I am left in Limbo.

*Gom.* Angle in some other Ford, good Father, you shall catch no Gudgeons here. Look upon the Prisoner at the Bar, Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the Name of Colonel *Hernando*.

*Dom.* What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez*? I see no Man but a reverend Brother of our Order, whose Profession I honour, but whose Person I know not, as I hope for Paradise.

*Gom.* No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the Pity; you do not know him, under this Disguise, for the greatest Cuckold-maker in all Spain.

*Dom.* O Impudence! O Rogue! O Villian! Nay if he be such a Man, my righteous Spirit rises at him! Does  
he

*Lor.*

he put on holy Garments for a Cover-shame of Lewdness?

*Gom.* Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father: When a swinging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a Fryar's Hood; for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to do a Mischief, and then shrinks 'em back for Safety, like a Snail into her Shell.

*Lor.* [*Aside.*] It's best marching off while I can retreat with Honour. There's no trusting this Fryar's Conscience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to prosecute me for putting on these holy Robes. This is the old Church trick; the Clergy is ever at the Bottom of the Plot, but they are wise enough to slip their own Necks out of the Collar, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it ——— [*Exit Lorenzo.*]

*Gom.* Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the House behind me. Gather up your gouty Legs, I say, and rid my House of that huge Body of Divinity.

*Dom.* I expect some Judgment shou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Directors: Slander, Covetousness, and Jealousie will weigh thee down.

*Gom.* Put Pride, Hypocrisie, and Gluttony into your Scale, Father, and you shall weigh against me: Nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine Parts, and scarce leaves the Laity a Tythe.

*Dom.* How dar'st thou reproach the Tribe of Levi?

*Gom.* Marry, because you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of *Iffachar*. You make Asses of us, to bear your Barthen: When we are young, you put Paniers upon us with your Church-Discipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a Wife. After that, you procure for other Men, and then you load our Wives too. A fine Phrase you have amongst you to draw us into Marriage, you call it Settling of a Man; just as when a Fellow has got a sound Knock upon the Head, they say he's settled: Marriage is a settling Blow indeed. They say every thing

in the World is good for something, as a Toad to suck up the Venom of the Earth, but I never knew what a Fryar was good for, till your Pimping show'd me.

*Dom.* Thou shalt answer for this, thou Slanderer; thy Offences be upon thy Head.

*Gom.* I believe there are some Offences there of your planting. [Exit Dominic.

Lord, Lord, that Men should have Sense enough to set Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol-cats and Foxes, and yet —

Want Wit a Priest-trap at their Door to lay,  
For holy Vermin that in Houses prey. [Exit Gomez.

SCENE a Bed-chamber.

*Queen, and Teresa.*

*Ter.* You are not what you were since Yesterday;  
Your Food forsakes you, and your needful Rest;  
You pine, you languish, love to be alone;  
Think much, speak little, and in speaking, sigh.  
When you see *Torrismond*, you are unquiet;  
But when you see him not, you are in Pain.

*Qu.* O let 'em never love, who never try'd!  
They brought a Paper to me to be sign'd;  
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,  
And writ, for *Leonora, Torrismond*.  
I went to Bed, and to my self I thought  
That I wou'd think on *Torrismond* no more:  
Then shut my Eyes, but cou'd not shut out him.  
I turn'd, and try'd each Corner of my Bed,  
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was lost.  
Fev'rish, for want of Rest, I rose and walk'd,  
And, by the Moon-shine, to the Windows went;  
There, thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,  
I cast my Eyes upon the neighbouring Fields,  
And, ere I was aware, sigh'd to my self,  
There fought my *Torrismond*.

*Ter.* What hinders you to take the Man you love?  
The People will be glad, the Soldier shout,  
And *Bertran*, though repining, will be aw'd.

*Qu.* I fear to try new Love,  
As Boys to venture on the unknown Ice,

That crackles underneath 'em while they slide,  
 Oh, how shall I describe this growing Ill!  
 Betwixt my Doubt and Love, methinks, I stand  
 Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague Fit;  
 And yet, wou'd this were all!

*Ter.* What fear you more!

*Qu.* I am asham'd to say, 'tis but a Fancy:  
 At Break of Day, when Dreams, they say, are true,  
 A drowzy Slumber, rather than a Sleep,  
 Seiz'd on my Senses, with long Watching worn.  
 Methought I stood on a wide River's Bank,  
 Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how;  
 When, on a sudden, *Torrismond* appear'd,  
 Gave me his Hand, and led me lightly o'er,  
 Leaping and bounding on the Billows Heads,  
 'Till safely we had reach'd the farther Shore. [scape.]

*Ter.* This Dream portends some Ill which you shall  
 Wou'd you see fairer Visions? Take this Night  
 Your *Torrismond* within your Arms to sleep;  
 And, to that End, invent some apt Pretence  
 To break with *Bertran*: 'Twould be better yet,  
 Could you provoke him to give you th' Occasion,  
 And then to throw him off.

*Enter Bertran at a Distance.*

*Qu.* My Stars have sent him;  
 For, see he comes: How gloomily he looks!  
 If he, as I suspect, have found my Love,  
 His Jealousy will furnish him with Fury,  
 And me with Means to part.

*Bert.* [*Aside.*] Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her false?  
 If she be false, 'tis what she most desires.  
 My Genius whispers me, Be cautious *Bertran*!  
 Thou walk'st as on a narrow Mountain's Neck,  
 A dreadful Height, with scanty Room to tread.

*Qu.* What Bus'ness have you at the Court, my Lord?

*Bert.* What Bus'ness, Madam?

*Qu.* Yes, my Lord, what Bus'ness?

'Tis somewhat sure of weighty Consequence  
 That brings you here so often, and untent for. [nough]

*Bert.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis what I fear'd; her Words are cold e-  
 To freeze a Man to Death—— May I presume

To speak, and to complain?

*Qu.* They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:  
What Bull dares bellow, or what Sheep dares bleat  
Within the Lion's Den?

*Bert.* Yet Men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in mind  
Of promis'd Blessings, for they then are Debts. [give;

*Qu.* My Lord. Heav'n knows its own Time when to  
But you, it seems, charge me with Breach of Faith,

*Bert.* I hope I need not, Madam:  
But as when Men in Sick-ness lingring lye,  
They count the tedious Hours by Months and Years;  
So every Day deferr'd to dying Lovers,  
Is a whole Age of Pain.

*Qu.* What if I ne'er consent to make you mine?  
My Father's Promise ties me not to Time;  
And Bonds without a Date they say are void.

*Bert.* Far be it from me to believe you bound:  
Love is the freest Motion of our Minds;  
O could you see into my secret Soul,  
There you might read your own Dominion doubled,  
Both as a Queen and Mistress. If you leave me,  
Know I can dye, but dare not be displeas'd.

*Qu.* Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,  
Or give me Cause to think, that when you lost  
Three Battels to the Moors, you coldly stood  
As unconcern'd as now.

*Bert.* I did my best;  
Fate was not in my Power.

*Qu.* And with the like tame Gravity you saw  
A raw young Warrior take your baffled Work,  
And end it at a Blow.

*Bert.* I humbly take my Leave; but they who blast  
Your good Opinion of me, may have Cause  
To know I am no Coward. [He is going.

*Qu.* Beriran, stay:

[Aside.] This may produce some dismal Consequence  
To him whom dearer than my Life I love.

To him] Have I not manag'd my Contrivance well,  
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?

*Bert.* Then was it but a Tryal?  
Methinks I start as from some dreadful Dream,

And often ask my self if yet I wake.

*Aside.*] This Turn's too quick to be without Design;  
I'll sound the Bottom of't ere I believe.

*Qu.* I find your Love, and wou'd reward it too,  
But anxious Fears sollicit my weak Breast.  
I fear my Peoples Faith:  
That hot-mouth'd Beast that bears against the Curb,  
Hard to be broken even by lawful Kings,  
But harder by Usurpers.  
Judge then, my Lord, with all these Cares oppress'd,  
If I can think of Love.

*Bert.* Believe me, Madam,  
These Jealousies, however large they spread,  
Have but one Root, the old imprison'd King;  
Whose Lenity first pleas'd the gaping Crowd:  
But when long try'd, and found supinely good,  
Like *Æsop's* Log, they leap'd upon his Back.  
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,  
He rein'd 'em strongly, and he spurr'd them hard;  
And, but he durst not do it all at once,  
He had not left alive this patient Saint,  
This Anvil of Affronts, but sent him hence  
To hold a peaceful Branch of Palm above,  
And hymn it in the Quire.

*Qu.* You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,  
Echoes the Sound, and jars within my Soul;  
There lies my Grief.

*Bert.* So long as there's a Head,  
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;  
Lop that but off, and then ———

*Qu.* My Virtue shrinks from such an horrid Act.

*Bert.* This 'tis to have a Virtue out of Season.  
Mercy is good, a very good dull Virtue;  
But Kings mistake its timing, and are mild  
When manly Courage bids 'em be severe.  
Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.  
Remove this threatening Danger from your Crown,  
And then securely take the Man you love.

*Qu.* [*walking aside.*] Ha! let me think of that: The Man  
'Tis true, this Murther is the only Means [I love  
That can secure my Throne to *Torrismond*.



Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,  
Makes him the Object of the Peoples Hate.

*Bert.* [*Aside.*] The more she thinks, 'twill work the  
stronger in her.

*Qu.* [*Aside.*] How eloquent is Mischief to perswade!  
Few are so wicked as to take Delight  
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:  
If then I break divine and human Laws,  
No Bribe but Love cou'd gain so bad a Cause.

*Bert.* You answer nothing!

*Qu.* 'Tis of deep Concernment,  
And I a Woman ignorant and weak:  
I leave it all to you; think what you do,  
You do for him I love.

*Bert.* [*Aside.*] For him she loves?  
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torrismond*,  
Whom she has thrice in private seen this Day:  
Then I am finely caught in my own Snare.  
I'll think again ——— Madam, it shall be done;  
And mine be all the Blame. [*Exit Bertran.*]

*Qu.* O, that it were! I wou'd not do this Crime,  
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.  
The Priesthood grossly cheat us with Free-will:  
Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?  
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,  
Since from eternal Causes they proceed:  
Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,  
Mere senseless Engines that are mov'd by Fate;  
Like Ships on stormy Seas without a Guide,  
Toft by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.

*Enter Torrismond.*

*Torr.* Am I not rudely bold, and pres's too often  
Into your Presence, Madam? If I am ———

*Qu.* No more, lest I shou'd chide you for your Stay:  
Where have you been, and how could you suppose  
That I cou'd live these two long Hours without you?

*Torr.* O, Words to charm an Angel from his Orb!  
Welcome as kindly Showers to long-parch'd Earth!  
But I have been in such a dismal Place,  
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers,  
Bound in with Darkness, over-spread with Damps;

Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)  
 The good old King majestick in his Bonds,  
 And midst his Grievs most venerably great:  
 By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke  
 The gloomy Vapours, he lay stretch'd along  
 Upon th' unwholsome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward;  
 And ever and anon a silent Tear  
 Stole down and trickled from his hoary Beard.

*Qu.* O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,  
 Here end thy sad Discourse, and for my sake  
 Cast off these fearful melancholy Thoughts.

*Torr.* My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,  
 As early Blossoms are with Eastern Blasts:  
 He sent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,  
 He threw his Aged Arms about my Neck;  
 And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:  
 So, leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,  
 We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

*Qu.* Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.

*Torr.* Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?  
 He told me, when my Father did return,  
 He had a wond'rous Secret to disclose:  
 He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;  
 He prais'd my Courage; pray'd for my Success:  
 He was so true a Father of his Country,  
 To thank me, for defending ev'n his Foes,  
 Because they were his Subjects.

*Qu.* If they be; then what am I?

*Torr.* The Sovereign of my Soul, my earthly Heaven.

*Qu.* And not your Queen?

*Torr.* You are so beautiful,  
 So wond'rous fair, you justify Rebellion:  
 As if that faultless Face could make no Sin,  
 But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

*Qu.* The King must dye, he must, my *Torriſmond*;  
 Though Pity softly plead within my Soul,  
 Yet he must dye, that I may make you great,  
 And give a Crown in Dowry with my Love.

*Torr.* Perish that Crown — on any Head but yours; —  
 O, recollect your Thoughts!  
 Shake not his Hour-glass, when his hasty Sand

Is ebbing to the last:

A little longer, yet a little longer,  
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin;  
Like mellow Fruit, without a winter-Storm.

*Qu.* Let me but do this one Injustice more:  
His Doom is past; and for your Sake, he dyes.

*Torr.* Wou'd you, for me, have done so ill an Act,  
And will not do a good one?  
Now by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,  
O spare this great, this good, this aged King;  
And spare your Soul the Crime!

*Qu.* The Crime's not mine;  
'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by *Bertran*,  
Fed with false Hopes to gain my Crown and me:  
I, to inhance his Ruin gave no Leave;  
But barely bad him think, and then resolve.

*Torr.* In not forbidding, you command the Crime;  
Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day;  
How you will tremble, there to stand expos'd,  
And foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts,  
That must be doom'd for Murther? think on Murther:  
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes,  
The Damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,  
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

*Qu.* 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;  
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;  
Sure there is none but fears a future State;  
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,  
Their trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongues.

*Enter Teresa.*

Send speedily to *Bertran*; charge him strictly  
Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleasure.

*Ter.* Madam, he sends to tell you, 'Tis perform'd.

[*Exit.*

*Torr.* Then thousand Plagues consume him, Furies drag  
Fiends tear him: blasted be the Arm that struck, [him,  
The Tongue that order'd; — only she be spar'd,  
That hinder'd not the Deed. O, where was then  
The Power that guards the Sacred Lives of Kings?  
Why slept the Lightning and the Thunderbolts,  
Or bent their idle Rage on Fields and Trees,

When Vengeance call'd 'em here?

*Qu.* Sleep that Thought too.

'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recal:  
And, since 'tis past recal, must be forgotten.

*Torr.* O, never, never, shall it be forgotten.  
High Heaven will not forget it, After-ages  
Shall with a fearful Curse remember ours;  
And Blood shall never leave the Nation more!

*Qu.* His Body shall be Royally interr'd,  
And the last Funeral-Pomps adorn his Herse;  
I will my self, (as I have Cause too just)  
Be the chief Mourner at his Obsequies,  
And yearly fix on the revolving Day  
The solemn Marks of Mourning, to atone  
And expiate my Offences.

*Torr.* Nothing can,  
But bloody Vengeance on that Traytor's Head,  
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

*Qu.* Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:  
Love calls, my *Torrismond*; though Hate has rag'd,  
And rul'd the Day, yet Love will rule the Night.  
The spiteful Stars have shed their Venom down,  
And now the peaceful Planets take their Turn.  
This Deed of *Bertran's* has remov'd all Fears,  
And giv'n me just Occasion to refuse him.  
What hinders now, but that the holy Priest  
In secret joyn our mutual Vows? and then  
This Night, this happy Night, is yours and mine.

*Torr.* Be still my Sorrows, and be loud my Joys.  
Fly to the utmost Circles of the Sea,  
Thou furious Tempest, that hast toss'd my Mind,  
And leave no Thought, but *Leonora* there. ———  
What's this I fell a boding in my Soul?  
As if this Day were fatal; be it so;  
Fate shall but have the Leavings of my Love:  
My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great;  
The Lyon, though he sees the Toils are set,  
Yet pinch'd with raging Hunger, scowrs away,  
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day;  
At Night, with sullen Pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey.

[Exeunt  
A C T



# ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *before Gomez's Door.*

*Enter Lorenzo, Dominick, and two Soldiers at a Distance.*

*Dom.* I'L L not wag an Ace farther: The whole World shall not bribe me to it; for my Conscience will digest these gross Enormities no longer.

*Lor.* How, thy Conscience not digest 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in *Spain* can shew a Conscience, that comes near it for Digestion: It digested Pimping, when I sent thee with my Letter: and it digested Perjury, when thou swor'st thou did'st not know me: I'm sure it has digested me fifty Pound of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary*: Pr'y-thee, why shou'dst thou discourage Fornication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young Girl?

*Dom.* Away, away; I do not love 'em; — phau; no, — [*spits.*] I do not love a pretty Girl; — you are so waggish. [*spits again.*]

*Lor.* Why thy Mouth waters at the very Mention of them.

*Dom.* You take a mighty Pleasure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purse, and wearing out your Body, with hunting after unlawful Game.

*Lor.* Why there's the Satisfaction on'r.

*Dom.* This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging; and there's the Satisfaction on'r.

*Lor.* I'll not hang alone; Fryar; I'm resolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiours, for what thou hast done already.

*Dom.* I'm resolv'd to forswear it, if you do: Let me advise you better, Colonel, than to accuse a Church-man to a Church-man: in the Common Cause we are all of a Piece; we hang together.

*Lor.* [*Aside.*] If you don't, it were no Matter if you did.

*Dom.* Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose Oath will be believ'd; I'll rounce you for offering to corrupt my Honesty, and bribe my Conscience: you shall be summon'd by an Host of Paritours; you shall be sentenc'd in the Spiritual Court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be outlaw'd; ——— and ———

[*Here Lorenzo takes a Purse, and plays with it. and at last lets the Purse fall chinking on the Ground; which the Fryar eyes.*

*In another Tone.*] I say, a Man might do this now, if he were maliciously dispos'd, and had a Mind to bring Matters to Extremity; but, considering, that you are my Friend, a Person of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather dye a thousand Deaths than disoblige you,

[*Lorenzo takes up the Purse, and pours it into the Fryar's Sleeve.*

Nay, good Sir; nay, dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I profess this must not be: without this I wou'd have serv'd you to the uttermost; pray command me: a jealous, foul-mouth'd Rogue this *Gomez* is: I saw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter Man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, shall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a Witness.

*Lor.* But how shall I send her Word to be ready at the Door, (for I must reveal it in Confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this Evening, by the Help of these two Soldiers? I know *Gomez* suspects you, and you will hardly gain Admittance.

*Dom.* Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the Authority of my Cloathing; yonder I see him keeping Centry at his Door: have you never seen a Citizen, in a cold Morning, clapping his Sides, and walking forward and backward, a mighty Pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Pass, in Spight of his Suspicion; stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

*Lor.* If he meet with a Repulse, we must throw off the Fox's Skin, and put on the Lyon's: Come, Gentlemen, you'll stand by me.

*Sold.* Do not doubt us, Colonel.

[*They*



[*They retire all three to a Corner of the Stage, Dominick goes to the Door where Gomez stands.*]

Dom. Good Even, Gomez, how does your Wife?

Gom. Just as you'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and conspiring Cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her, she is employing her Thoughts how to cure you of your Jealousie.

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By you Leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may spare your Instructions, if you please, Father, she has no farther Need of them.

Dom. How, no Need of them! Do you speak in Riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer; she has profited so well already by your Counsel, that she can say her Lesson, without your teaching: Do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my Duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your Leave.

Gom. She's a little indispos'd at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[*Dominick offers to go by him, but t'other stands before him.*]

Dom. Indispos'd, say you? O, it is upon those Occasions that a Confessor is most necessary; I think, it was my good Angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whose good Angels sent you hither, that you best know, Father.

Dom. A Word or two of Devotion will do her no Harm I'm sure.

Gom. A little Sleep will do her more Good I'm sure: You know she disburthen'd her Conscience but this Morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this Afternoon, she may have new Occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed, as you order Matters with the Colonel, she may have Occasion of confessing her self every Hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a Man to speak; why ever since your last Defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light Indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom.

*Gom.* How, not last! I say, it will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these seven or eight Days, and perhaps longer, as I see Occasion: what; I know the Mind of her Sickness a little better than you do.

*Dom.* I find then, I must bring a Doctor.

*Gom.* And he'll bring an Apothecary, with a chargeable long Bill of *Ana's*: those of my Family have the Grace to dye cheaper: in a Word, Sir *Dominick*, we understand one another's Business here: I am resolv'd to stand like the *Swiss* of my own Family, to defend the Entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater Nosters*, if you please, and try if you can make my Doors fly open, and batter down my Walls, with Bell, Book, and Candle: But I am not of Opinion, that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

*Dom.* Men of my Order are not to be treated after this Manner.

*Gom.* I would treat the Pope and his Cardinals in the same Manner, if they offer'd to see my Wife, without my Leave.

*Dom.* I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou do'st not open, there's Promulgation coming out.

*Gom.* And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there is Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and so I leave you to recreate your self with the End of an old Song ——— and Sorrow came to the old Fryar. [Exit.

*Lorenzo comes to him.*

*Lor.* I will not ask you your Success; for I overheard Part of it, and saw the Conclusion; I find we are now put upon our last Trump; the Fox is earth'd, but I shall send my two Terriers in after him.

*Sold.* I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

*Lor.* And make what Haste you can, to bring out the Lady: What say you, Father? Burglary is but a venial Sin among Soldiers.

*Dom.* I shall absolve them, because he is an Enemy of the Church ——— There is a Proverb, I confess, which says, That dead Men tell no Tales; but let your Soldiers apply it at their own Perils.

*Lor.*

Lor. What, take away a Man's Wife, and kill him too ! The Wickedness of this old Villain startles me, and gives me a Twinge for my own Sin, though it comes far short of his: Hark you, Soldiers, be sure you use as little Violence to him as is possible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to secure him, with less Danger to us.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown conscientious !

Dom. The old King you know is just murther'd, and the Persons that did it are unknown; let the Soldiers seize him for one of the Assassimates, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee Mercy with all my Heart, for suspecting a Fryar of the least Good-nature; what, wou'd you accuse him wrongfully ?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc*, as to the Fact it self; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical Rogue, whom we must dispatch: He has rail'd against the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the Murther of a thousand Kings; *Omne majus continet in se minus*: He that is an Enemy to the Church, is an Enemy unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemy to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King if he had been in the Circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-man, if he were personally offended, but he would bring in Heaven by Hook or Crook into his Quarrel. Soldiers, do as you were first order'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you sure it's safe, and not scandalous ?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Design, but not altogether so mischievous; the People are infinitely discontented, as they have Reason; and Mutinies there are, or will be, against the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he should be secur'd as a Traytor; but he shall only be Prisoner at the Soldiers Quarters; and when I am out of Reach, he shall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor.

*Lor.* Why then, Father, you must have Recourse to your intallible Church-remedies, Lie impudently, and Swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whose Oath will be first believ'd. Retire, I hear 'em coming.

[*They withdraw.*]

*Enter the Soldiers with Gomez struggling on their Backs.*

*Gom.* Help, good Christians, help Neighbours; my House is broken open by Force, and I am ravish'd, and am like to be assassinated. What do you mean, Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedlar's Pack upon your Backs? will you murder a Man in plain Day-light?

*First Soldier.* No; but we'll secure you for a Traytor, and for being in a Plot against the State.

*Gom.* Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst be in a Plot: Why, how can you in Conscience suspect a rich Citizen of so much Wit as to make a Plotter? There are none but poor Rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

*Second Soldier.* Away with him, away with him.

*Gom.* O my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be sav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it.

[*They carry him off, and exeunt.*]

*Lor.* Thus far we have sail'd with a merry Gale, and now we have the Cape of good Hope in sight; the Trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it.

[*He looks out.*]

*Aside.]* Ah, my Father and Pedro stand at the Corner of the Street with Company, there's no stirring 'till they are past!

*Enter Elvira with a Casket.*

*Elv.* Am I come at last into your Arms?

*Lor.* Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended, and the Knight may carry off the Lady safely.

*Elv.* I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce believe I am at Liberty; but stand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her Wings in vain against her Cage, and at last dares hardly venture out, though she sees it open.

*Dom.* Lose no Time, but make haste while the Way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

*Lor.* 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old Gentleman of my Acquaintance that blocks up the Passage at the Corner of the Street.

*Dom.*

*Dom.* What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter? somewhat, I hope, that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

*Lor.* The Fryar has an Hawk's Eye to Gold and Jewels.

*Elv.* Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us than Hedges in Summer and Barns in Winter. Here's the very Heart, and Soul, and Life-Blood of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladies, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

*Dom.* They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

*Lor.* And, faith, we'll drink the Church's Health out of them. But all this while I stand on Thorns; pr'ythee, Dear, look out, and see if the Coast be free for our Escape, for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[*Elvira goes to look, and Gomez comes running in upon her: She shrieks out.*]

*Gom.* Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories——What do I see! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

*Dom.* [*Aside.*] What a hopeful Enterprize is here spoil'd?

*Gom.* O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

*Lor.* Chear up, Man, thou art out of Jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full Speed with the Wings of an Eagle and the Feet of a Tyger to thy Rescue.

*Gom.* Ay, you are always at hand to do me a Courtesie with your Eagle's Feet and your Tyger's Wings; and, what were you here for, Fryar?

*Dom.* To interpose my spiritual Authority in your Behalf.

*Gom.* And why did you shriek out, Gentlewoman?

*Elv.* 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

*Gom.* And that Casket under your Arm, for what End and Purpose?

*Elv.* Only to preserve it from Thieves.

*Gom.* And you came running out of Doors——

*Elv.* Only to meet you, sweet Husband.

*Gom.*

*Gom.* A fine Evidence sum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends. The Colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my Voice, came in to save me; the Fryar, who was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful Wife runs out of Doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and shrieks out for Joy at my Return. But if my Father-in-law had not met your Soldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the Nick, I should neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have shriek'd out for Joy my self for the Loss of my Jewels and my Wife.

*Dom.* Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

*Gom.* Such Church-men as you wou'd make any Man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I shall thank you within Doors for your safe Custody of my Jewels, and your own. [*He thrusts his Wife off the Stage.*

[*Exit Elvira.*

As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we shall try before a Civil Magistrate who's the greatest Plotter of us two, I against the State, or you against the Petticoat.

*Lor.* Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something.

[*Beats him.*

*Gom.* Murther! Murther! I give up the Ghost! I am destroy'd! help! Murther! Murther!

*Dom.* Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the Neighbours are coming out with Forks, and Fire-shovels, and Spits, and other domestick Weapons; the Militia of a whole Alley is rais'd against us.

*Lor.* This is but the Interest of my Debt, Master Usurer, the Principal shall be paid you at our next Meeting.

*Dom.* Ah, if your Soldiers had but dispatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid asleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good Counsel; ah ———

[*Exeunt Lor. and Fryar severally.*

*Gom.* I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's such a terrible Fellow, that my Mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the Judge: all my Misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten in one Quarter of an Hour; my poor Limbs



Limbs smart, and my poor Head akes: ay, do, do, smart  
Limb, ake Head, and sprout Horn; but I'll be hang'd be-  
fore I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye?  
there's for that, [*beats his own Head.*] and to a fine, young,  
modish Lady, must ye? there's for that too; and, at Three-  
score, you old, doting Cuckold, take that Remembrance,  
—— a fine Time of Day for a Man to be bound Pren-  
trice, when he is past using his Trade; to set up an Equi-  
page of Noise, when he has most need of Quiet; instead  
of her being under Cover-Baron, to be under Cover-  
Feme my self; to have my Body disabled, and my Head  
fortified; and, lastly, to be crowded into a narrow Box  
with a shrill Treble,

[bound,

That with one Blast, through the whole House does  
And first taught Speaking-Trumpets how to sound.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II. *The Court.*

*Enter Raymond, Alphonso and Pedro.*

*Raym.* Are these, are these, ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,  
With which I flatter'd my long, tedious Absence,  
To find, at my Return, my Master murder'd?  
O, that I cou'd but weep, to vent my Passion!  
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

*Alph.* Mourn inward, Brother; 'tis observ'd at Court,  
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your Return  
Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours,  
To see how you resent King *Sancho's* Death.

*Raym.* What generous Man can live with that Constraint  
Upon his Soul, to bear, much less to flatter  
A Court like this! Can I sooth Tyranny?  
Seem pleas'd, to see my Royal Master murder'd,  
His Crown usurp'd, a Distaff in a Throne,  
A Council made of such as dare not speak,  
And could not, if they durst; whence honest Men  
Banish themselves, for Shame of being there:  
A Government, that, knowing not true Wisdom,  
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home?

*Alph.* Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse Garment  
Too

Too heavy for the Sun-shine of a Court.

*Raym.* Well then, I will dissemble for an End  
So great, so pious, as a just Revenge :  
You'll joyn with me ?

*Alph.* No honest Man but must.

*Ped.* What Title has this Queen but lawless Force ?  
And Force must pull her down.

*Alph.* Truth is, I pity *Leonora's* Case;  
Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime  
Which most her Soul abhors.

*Raym.* All she has done, or e'er can do, of Good,  
This one black Deed has dam'd.

*Ped.* You'll hardly joyn your Son to our Design.

*Raym.* Your Reason for' ?

*Ped.* I want Time to unriddle it :  
Put on your t'other Face; the Queen approaches.

*Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.*

*Raym.* And that accursed *Bertran*  
Stalks close behind her, like a Witch's Fiend,  
Pressing to be employ'd; stand, and observe them.

*Queen to Bertran.* Bury'd in private, and so suddenly!  
It crosses my Design, which was t'allow  
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,  
With all the Pomp of Mourning.

*Bert.* It was not safe:  
Objects of Pity, when the Cause is new,  
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd :  
Had *Cesar's* Body never been expos'd,  
*Brutus* had gain'd his Cause.

*Qu.* Then, was he lov'd ?

*Bert.* O, never Man so much, for Saint-like Goodness.

*Ped.* [*Aside.*] Had bad Men fear'd him but as good Men  
He had not yet been Sainted. [lov'd him.]

*Qu.* I wonder how the People bear his Death.

*Bert.* Some Discontents there are; some idle Murmurs.

*Ped.* How, idle Murmurs! Let me plainly speak:  
The Doors are all shut up; the wealthier Sort,  
With Arms a-cross, and Hats upon their Eyes,  
Walk to and fro before their silent Shops :  
Whole Drove of Lenders crowd the Bankers Doors,

To call in Money; those who have none, mark  
Where Money goes; for when they rise, 'tis Plunder:  
The Rabble gather round the Man of News,  
And listen with their Mouths; [ it;  
Some tell, some hear, some judge of News, some make  
And he who lyes most loud, is most believ'd.

*Qu.* This may be dangerous.

*Raym.* [ *Aside.* ] Pray Heaven it may.

*Bert.* If one of you must fall;

Self-Preservation is the first of Laws;  
And if, when Subjects are oppress'd by Kings,  
They justify Rebellion by that Law:  
As well may Monarchs turn the Edge of Right:  
To cut for them, when Self-defence requires it.

*Qu.* You place such Arbitrary Power in Kings,  
That I much fear, if I should make you one,  
You'll make your self a Tyrant; let them know  
By what Authority you did this Act.

*Bert.* You much surprize me to demand that Question:  
But, since Truth must be told, 'twas by your own.

*Qu.* Produce it, or by Heaven, your Head shall answer  
The Forfeir of your Tongue.

*Raym.* [ *Aside.* ] Brave Mischief towards.

*Bert.* You bade me

*Qu.* When, and where?

*Bert.* No, I confess you bade me not in Words;  
The Dial spoke not, but it made shrewd Signs,  
And pointed full upon the Stroke of Murther:  
Yet this you said,

You were a Woman ignorant and weak,  
So left it to my Care.

*Qu.* What, if I said,  
I was a Woman ignorant and weak;  
Were you to take th' Advantage of my Sex,  
And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,  
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your Toils;  
And if much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;  
Were you to make my Doubts your own Commission?

*Bert.* This 'tis to serve a Prince too faithfully;  
Who free from Laws himself, will have that done,

Which,

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Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure Disgrace;  
And, if perform'd, to Ruin.

*Qu.* This 'tis to counsel things that are unjust;  
First, to debauch a King to break his Laws,  
(Which are his Safety) and then seek Protection  
From him you have endanger'd; but, just Heaven,  
When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil,  
More deep than those he tempted.

*Bert.* If Princes not protect their Ministers,  
What Man will dare to serve them?

*Qu.* None will dare  
To serve them ill, when they are left to Laws;  
But, when a Counsellor, to save himself,  
Would lay Miscarriages upon his Prince,  
Exposing him to publick Rage and Hate;  
O, 'tis an Act as infameously base,  
As, should a common Soldier skulk behind,  
And thrust his General in the Front of War:  
It shews, he only serv'd himself before,  
And had no Sense of Honour, Country, King;  
But center'd on himself; and us'd his Master,  
As Guardians do their Wards, with Shews of Care,  
But with Intent to sell the publick Safety,  
And pocket up his Prince.

*Ped.* [*Aside.*] Well said, i'faith;  
This Speech is e'en too good for an Usurper.

*Bert.* I see for whom I must be sacrific'd;  
And, had I not been sotted with my Zeal,  
I might have found it sooner.

*Qu.* From my Sight!  
The Prince who bears an Insolence like this,  
Is such an Image of the Powers above,  
As is the Statue of the Thundring God,  
Whose Bolts the Boys may play with.

*Bert.* Unreveng'd  
I will not fall, nor single. [*Exit cum suis.*]

*Queen to Raymond, who kisses her Hand.*

*Qu.* Welcome, welcome:  
I saw you not before: One honest Lord  
If hid with Ease among a Crowd of Courtiers:  
How can I be too grateful to the Father

Of such a Son as *Torrismond*?

*Raym.* His Actions were but Duty.

*Qu.* Yet, my Lord,

All have not paid that Debt, like noble *Torrismond*.

You hear, how *Bertran* brands me with a Crime,

Of which, your Son can witness, I am free;

I sent to stop the Murther, but too late;

For Crimes are swift, but Penitence is slow;

The bloody *Bertran* diligent in ill,

Flew to prevent the soft Returns of Pity.

*Raym.* O cursed Haste, of making sure a Sin!

Can you forgive the Traytor?

*Qu.* Never, never:

'Tis written here in Characters so deep,

That seven Years hence, ('till then should I not meet him,)

And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence.

Ev'n from the holy Altar to the Block. [me, Justice,

*Raym.* [*Aside.*] She's fir'd, as I would wish her; aid

As all my Ends are thine, to gain this Point;

And ruin both at once: — It wounds indeed, [To her.

To bear Affronts, too great to be forgiven,

And not have Power to punish; yet one Way

There is to ruin *Bertran*.

*Qu.* O, there's none;

Except an Host from Heaven can make such Haste

To save my Crown, as he will do to seize it:

You saw he came surrounded with his Friends,

And knew besides, our Army was remov'd

To Quarters too remote for sudden Use.

*Raym.* Yet you may give Commission

To some bold Man, whose Loyalty you trust,

And let him raise the Train-Bands of the City.

*Qu.* Gross Feeders, Lyon-Talkers, Lamb-like Fighters.

*Raym.* You do not know the Virtues of your City,

What pushing Force they have; some Popular Chief,

More noisy than the rest, but cries Halloo,

And, in a Trice, the bellowing Herd come out;

The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,

And *One and All's* the Word; true Cocks o' th' Game,

That never ask, for what, or whom, they fight;

But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a Foe,

Cry

Cry Liberty and that's a Cause of Quarrel.

*Qu.* There may be Danger, in that boist'rous Rout:  
Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes,  
But some new Blast of Wind may turn those Flames  
Against my Palace-walls?

*Raym.* But still their Chief  
Must be some One, whose Loyalty you trust.

*Qu.* And who more proper for that Trust than you,  
Whose Interests, though unknown to you, are mine?

*Alphonso.* *Pedro*, haste to raise the Rabble,  
He shall appear to head 'em,

*Raym.* [*Aside to Alphonso and Pedro.*] First seize *Bertram*,  
And then insinuate to the *Queen*, that I bring  
Their lawful Prince to place upon the Throne.

*Alph.* Our lawful Prince?

*Raym.* Fear not; I can produce him.

*Ped.* to *Alph.* Now we want your Son *Lorenzo*: what  
a mighty Faction

Would he make for us of the City-wives,  
With, Oh, dear Husband, my sweet Honey Husband,  
Wo'n't you be for the Colonel; if you love me,  
Be for the Colonel; Oh, he's the finest Man! [*Exeunt.*]

*Raym.* [*Aside.*] So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot;  
She thinks, she's in the Depth of my Design,  
And that it's all for her; but Time shall shew,  
She only lives to help me ruin others,  
And last, to fall her self.

*Qu.* Now, to you, *Raymond*: Can you guess no Reason  
Why I repose such Confidence in you?

You needs must think,  
There's some more powerful Cause than Loyalty:

Will you not speak, to save a Lady's Blush?

Must I inform you, 'tis for *Torri-smond*,

That all this Grace is shown? [*I fear'd.*]

*Raym.* [*Aside.*] By all the Powers worse, worse than what

*Qu.* And yet, what need I blush at such a Choice?

I love a Man whom I am proud to love,  
And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives  
What Gratitude would force. O pardon me;  
I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before;  
Yet think so vast Treasure as your Son,



Too great for any private Man's Possession;  
And him too rich a Jewel to be set  
In vulgar Metal, or for vulgar Use.

*Raym.* Arm me with Patience, Heaven!

*Qu.* How. Patience, *Raymond*!

What Exercise of Patience have you here?  
What find you in my Crown to be condemn'd?  
Or in my Person loath'd? Have I, a Queen,  
Past by my Fellow-rulers of the World,  
Whose vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,  
As if the World were p'v'd with Diadems?  
Have I retus'd their Blood, to mix with yours,  
And raise new Kings from so obscure a Race,  
That scarce knew where to find them when I call'd?  
Have I heap'd on my Person, Crown, and State,  
To load the Scale, and weigh'd my self with Earth,  
For you to spurn the Balance?

*Raym.* Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say;  
Can I, can any loyal Subject, see  
With Patience such a Stoop from Sovereignty,  
An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook?  
My Zeal for you must lay the Father by,  
And plead my Country's Cause against my Son.  
What though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant,  
He wants a Crown to poise against a Crown,  
Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.

*Qu.* All these I have, and these I can bestow;  
But he brings Worth and Virtue to my Bed;  
And Virtue is the Wealth which Tyrants want:  
I stand in need of One whose Glories may  
Redeem my Crimes, ally me to his Fame,  
Dispel the Factions of my Foes on Earth,  
Disarm the Justice of the Powers above.

*Raym.* The People never will endure this Choice.

*Qu.* If I endure it, what imports it you?  
Go raise the Ministers of my Revenge,  
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempest round,  
And see its Fury fall where I design;  
At last a time for just Revenge is given;  
Revenge, the darling Attribute of Heaven:

But

But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;  
 Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong;  
 Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave;  
 To be a Saint he makes himself a Slave. *[Exit Queen]*

*Raym. [solus.]* Marriage with *Torrismond*! it must not be  
 By Heaven, it must not be; or, if it be,  
 Law, Justice, Honour bid farewell to Earth,  
 For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

*Enter Torrismond, who kneels to him.*

*Torr.* O, ever welcome, Sir,  
 But doubly now! You come in such a Time,  
 As if propitious Fortune took a Care,  
 To swell my Tide of Joys to their full Height,  
 And leave me nothing farther to desire.

*Raym.* I hope I come in time, if not to make,  
 At least, to save your Fortune and your Honour:  
 Take heed you steer your Vessel right, my Son;  
 This Calm of Heaven, this Mermaid's Melody,  
 Into an unseen Whirl-pool draws you fast,  
 And in a Moment sinks you.

*Torr.* Fortune cannot,  
 And Fate can scarce; I've made the Port already,  
 And laugh securely at the lazy Storm  
 That wanted Wings to reach' me in the Deep.  
 Your Pardon, Sir; my Duty calls me hence;  
 I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddess,  
 To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.

*Raym.* You owe her more perhaps than you imagine;  
 Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first.  
 This Hour's the very *Crisis* of your Fate,  
 Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame,  
 And all the Colour of your Life depends  
 On this important Now.

*Torr.* I see no Danger;  
 The City, Army, Court espouse my Cause,  
 And, more than all, the Queen with publick Favour  
 Indulges my Pretensions to her Love.

*Raym.* Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,  
 'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Design.

*Torr.* If she can make me blest? she only can:  
 Empire, and Wealth, and all she brings beside,

Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:  
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her Sex,  
In whose Possession Years roul round on Years,  
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:  
Kisses, Embraces, Languishing, and Death  
Still from each other to each other move,  
To crown the various Seasons of our Love:

And doubt you if such Love can make me happy?

*Raym.* Yes, for I think you love your Honour more;

*Torr.* And what can shock my Honour in a Queen?

*Raym.* A Tyrant, an Usurper?

*Torr.* Grant she be.

When from the Conqueror we hold our Lives,  
We yield our selves his Subjects from that Hour:  
For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.

*Raym.* Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,  
Because he took it not by lawless Force?

What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd?

Am I oblig'd by that t' assist his Rapines,

And to maintain his Murthers?

*Torr.* Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd;

Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,

Which Time wears off and mellows into Right:

So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,

Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession:

She's in Possession.

*Raym.* So Diseases are:

Shou'd not a lingring Fever be remov'd,

Because it long has rag'd within my Blood?

Do I rebel when I wou'd thrust it out?

What, shall I think the World was made for one,

And Men are born for Kings, as Beasts for Men,

Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?

Mark those who dote on arbitrary Power,

And you shall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,

Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their Greatness,

And Slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.

O Baseness, to support a Tyrant Throne,

And crush your free-born Brethren of the World?

Nay, to become a Part of Usurpation;

To espouse the Tyrant's Person and her Crimes,

D

And

And on a Tyrant get a Race of Tyrants,  
To be your Country's Curse in After-ages:

*Torr.* I see no Crime in her whom I adore,  
Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none:  
Look on me as a Man abandon'd o'er  
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;  
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,  
And but disturb the Quiet of my Death.

*Raym.* O Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,  
That Men should leave thee for that Toy a Woman,  
Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man?  
Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too;  
Had Man been waking he had ne'er consented.  
Now, Sen, suppose  
Some brave Conspiracy were ready form'd  
To punish Tyrants and redeem the Land,  
Cou'd you so far bely your Country's Hope,  
As not to head the Party?

*Torr.* How cou'd my Hand rebel against my Heart?

*Raym.* How cou'd your Heart rebel against your Reason?

*Torr.* No Honour bids me fight against my self;  
The Royal Family is all extinct,  
And she who reigns bestows her Crown on me:  
So must I be ungrateful to the Living,  
To be but vainly pious to the Dead,  
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.

*Raym.* Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I?  
For know there yet survives the lawful Heir  
Of *Sancho's* Blood, whom when I shall produce,  
I rest assur'd to see you pale with Fear,  
And trembling at his Name.

[ble:

*Torr.* He must be more than Man who makes me trem-  
I dare him to the Field with all the Odds  
Of Justice on his Side, against my Tyrant:  
Produce your lawful Prince, and you shall see  
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.

*Raym.* Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet sign'd,  
And given me by the King, when Time shou'd serve  
To be perus'd by you.

*Torr.* reads.] *I the King,*  
*My youngest and alone surviving Son,*

Reported

*Reported dead t'scape rebellious Rage,  
'Till happier Times shall call his Courage forth  
To break my Fetters, or revenge my Fate,  
I will that Raymond educate as his,  
And call him Torrismond——*

*If I am he, that Son, that Torrismond,  
The World contains not so forlorn a Wretch!  
Let never Man believe he can be happy!  
For when I thought my Fortune most secure,  
One fatal Moment tears me from my Joys:  
And when two Hearts were joyn'd by mutual Love,  
The Sword of Justice cuts upon the Knot,  
And severs 'em for ever.*

*Raym.* True, it must.

*Torr.* O cruel Man, to tell me that it must!  
If you have any Pity in your Breast,  
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,  
And plunge me in my first Obscurity:  
The Secret is alone between us two;  
And though you wou'd not hide me from myself,  
O yet be kind, conceal me from the World,  
And be my Father still.

[plain]

*Raym.* Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proot's too  
Now in the Name of Honour, Sir, I beg you  
(Since I must use Authority no more)  
On these old Knees I beg you, ere I dye,  
That I may see your Father's Death reveng'd.

*Torr.* Why, 'tis the only Bus'ness of my Life;  
My Order's issu'd to recall the Army,  
And *Bertran's* Death resolv'd.

[der.]

*Ray.* And not the Queen's? O, she's the chief Offen-  
Shall Justice turn her Edge within your Hand?  
No, if she scape, you are your self the Tyrant,  
And Murderer of your Father.

*Torr.* Cruel Fates,  
To what have you reserv'd me!

*Raym.* Why that Sigh?

[Heart]

*Torr.* Since you must know, (but break, O break, my  
Before I tell my fatal Story out,)  
Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's Ruin,  
The Murderer of my Father, is my Wife!

*Raym.* O Horror! Horror! After this Alliance  
 Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolves with Sheep,  
 And every Creature couple with his Foe.  
 How vainly Man designs, when Heav'n opposes!  
 I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,  
 Permitted you to fight for this Usurper,  
 Indeed to save a Crown, not hers, but yours,  
 All to make sure the Vengeance of this Day,  
 Which even this Day has ruin'd — One more Question  
 Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:  
 Do you yet love the Cause of all your Woes,  
 Or is she grown (as sure she ought to be)  
 More odious to your Sight than Toads and Adders?

*Torr.* O there's the utmost Malice of my Fate,  
 That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

*Raym.* No more: — Farewel, my much-lamented King.  
 [*Aside.*] I dare not trust him with himself so far,  
 To own him to the People as their King,  
 Before their Rage has finish'd my Designs  
 On *Bertran* and the Queen, but in despite  
 Ev'n of himself I'll save him. [*Exit Raymond.*]

*Torr.* 'Tis but a Moment since I have been King,  
 And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,  
 And lov'd, possess; yet all these make me wretched;  
 And Heav'n has giv'n me Blessings for a Curse.  
 With what a Load of Vengeance am I prest,  
 Yet never, never, can I hope for Rest;  
 For when my heavy Burthen I remove,  
 The Weight falls down, and crushes her I love. [*Exit.*]



## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

*Enter Torrismond.*

*Torr.* **L**ove, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge,  
 Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breast,  
 And I am all a Civil-War within!

*Enter*



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*Enter Queen and Teresa at a Distance.*

My *Leonora* there!

Mine! is she mine? my Father's Murtherer mine?

Oh! that I could with Honour, love her more,

Or hate her less, with Reason! See, she weeps;

Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why

I thus estrange my Person from her Bed:

Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart:

She'll know too soon her own and my Misfortunes. *[Exit.]*

*Qu.* He's gone, and I am lost; did'st thou not see

His lullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:

He look'd not like the *Torrismond* I lov'd. *[ceeds?]*

*Ter.* Can you not guess from whence this Change pro-

*Qu.* No: there's the Grief, *Teresa*: Oh, *Teresa*!

Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,

But Shame and Modesty have ty'd my Tongue!

Yet I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me.

How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were!

With what a Zeal he joyn'd his Lips to mine!

And suck'd my Breath at every Word I spoke,

As if he drew his Inspiration thence:

While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,

As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:

I thought: Oh no; 'Tis false; I could not think;

'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

*Ter.* Then sure his Transports were not less than yours.

*Qu.* More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers Light

I cou'd discern his Cheeks were glowing red,

His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,

And sparkl'd through their Casements humid Fires:

He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and wou'd have spoke,

But was too fierce to throw away the Time;

All he cou'd say was Love, and *Leonora*.

*Ter.* How then can you suspect him lost so soon?

*Qu.* Last Night he flew not with a Bridegroom's Haste,

Which eagerly prevents the pointed Hour;

I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,

And listned to each softly-treading Step,

In Hope 'twas he: but still it was not he.

At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,

So wild, so gasty, as if some Ghost had met him.

All pale, and speechless, he survey'd me round;  
Then, with a Groan, he threw himself a-bed,  
But far from me, as far as he could move,  
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me.

*Ter.* What, all the Night?

*Qu.* Even all the live-long Night.

At last: (for, blushing, I must tell thee all,)  
I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side,  
He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.  
With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,  
And ask'd him how I had offended him?  
He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans,  
So restless past the Night: and at the Dawn  
Leapt from the Bed, and vanish'd.

*Ter.* Sighs and Groans,  
Paleness and Trembling, all are Signs of Love;  
He only fears to make you share his Sorrows.

*Qu.* I wish 'twere so: but Love still doubts the worst;  
My heavy Heart, the Prophets of Woes,  
Forebodes some Ill at Hand: To sooth my Sadness,  
Sing me the Song, which poor *Olympia* made,  
When false *Bireno* left her. —

## A S O N G.

### I.

**F**arewel, ungrateful Traitor,  
Farewel my perjur'd Swain;  
Let never injur'd Creature  
Believe a Man again.  
The Pleasure of possessing  
Surpasses all expressing,  
But 'tis too short a Blessing,  
And Love too long a Pain.

### II.

'Tis easie to deceive us.  
In pity of your Pain;  
But when we love, you leave us  
To rail at you in vain.  
Before we have descri'd it,  
There is no Bliss beside it;  
But she that once has try'd it,  
Will never love again.

### III.

III.

*The Passion you pretended,  
Was only to obtain;  
But when the Charm is ended,  
The Charmer you disdain.  
Your Love by ours we measure,  
'Till we have lost our Treasure:  
But dying is a Pleasure,  
When living is a Pain.*

Re-enter Torrismond.

Torr. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak;  
But wander like some discontented Ghost,  
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [Going again]

Qu. O, Torrismond, if you resolve my Death,  
You need no more, but to go hence again:  
Will you not speak?

Torr. I cannot.

Qu. Speak! oh, speak!  
Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.

Torr. Oh!

Qu. Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh.

Torr. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you speak that Word?  
Some black-mouth'd Villian has defam'd my Virtue.

Torr. No! No! Pray let me go.

Qu. [Kneeling.] You shall not go:  
By all the Pleasures of our Nuptial-bed,  
If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not,  
By these true Tears which from my wounded Heart  
Bleed at my Eyes ———

Torr. Rise.

Qu. I will never rise,  
I cannot chuse a better Place to dye.

Torr. Oh! I wou'd speak, but cannot. [not:]

Qu. [Rising.] Guilt keeps you silent then; you love me  
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?  
To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love  
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd:  
And like a Rose just gather'd from the Stalk,  
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,

To wither on the Ground.

*Tor.* For Heav'n Sake, Madam, moderate your Passion,

*Qu.* Why nam'st thou Heav'n, there is no Heav'n for  
Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul: [me.  
When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from Ground,  
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to me;  
When each Embrace was dearer than the first;  
Then, then to be condemn'd; then, then thrown off;  
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,  
And loathsome: Oh! What Woman can bear loathsome?  
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,  
He bills the closer: but ungrateful Man,  
Base, barbarous Man, the more we raise our Love,  
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his Ardour.  
Racks, Poyson, Daggers, rid me of my Life;  
And any Death is welcome.

*Torr.* Be witness all ye Powers that know my Heart;  
I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,  
But she has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd:  
Here take this Paper, read our Destinies;  
Yet do not; but in Kindness to your self,  
Be ignorantly safe.

*Qu.* No! give it me.  
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.

*Torr.* Then see how much unhappy Love has made us,  
O *Leonora*! Oh!

We two were born when sullen Planets reign'd;  
When each the other's Influence oppos'd,  
And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth.  
Oh! better, better had it been for us,  
That we had never seen, or never lov'd.

*Qu.* There is no Faith in Heav'n, if Heav'n says so.  
You dare not give it.

*Torr.* As unwillingly,  
As I would reach out Opium to a Friend  
Who lay in Torture, and desir'd to dy. [*Gives the Paper.*  
But now you have it, spare my Sight the Pain  
Of seeing what a World of Tears it costs you.  
Go, silently enjoy your Part of Grief,  
And share the sad Inheritance with me.

*Qu.* I have a thirsty Fever in my Soul,

Give

Give me but present Ease, and let me dye.

[Exe. Queen and Teresa.]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord; the City-Bands are up,  
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;  
All clustring in a Heap, like swarming Hives,  
And rising in a Moment.

[King.]

Torr. With Design to punish *Bertran*, and revenge the  
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.

'Tis true, they block the Castle kept by *Bertran*,  
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, fire it,  
Pull out th' usurping Queen.

Torr. The Queen, *Lorenzo*! durst they name the Queen?

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Torr. O Sacrilege! say quickly who commands  
This vile blaspheming Rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,  
But both our Fathers thrust 'em headlong on,  
And bear down all before 'em.

Torr. Death and Hell!  
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily.  
How say'st thou, my *Lorenzo*? dar'st thou be  
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,  
To help to save the Queen?

Lor. [*Aside.*] Let me consider;  
Bear Arms against my Father? he begat me;  
That's true; but for whose Sake did he beget me?  
For his own, sure enough: for me he knew not.  
Oh! but says Conscience: Fly in Nature's Face?  
But how, if Nature fly in my Face first?  
Then Nature's the Aggressor: Let her look to't ———  
—— He gave me Life, and he may take it back: ——  
No, that's Boy's Play, say I. ——

'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different Sides:  
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treason.

To Torr.] Sir, upon mature Consideration, I have found  
my Father to be little better than a Rebel, and therefore,  
I'll do my best to secure him, for your Sake; in Hope,  
you may secure him hereafter for my Sake.

Torr. Put on thy utmost Speed to head the Troops,

D 5

Which

Which every Moment I expect t'arrive:  
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful King:  
I need not caution thee for *Raymond's* Life,  
Though I no more must call him Father now.

*Lor.* [*Aside.*] How! not call him Father? I see Preference alters a Man strangely. This may serve me for a Use of Instruction, to cast off my Father when I am great. Methought too, he call'd himself the lawful King; intimating sweetly, that he knows what's what with our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my Father, as I hope in Heaven I shall, I am in a fair Way to be a Prince of the Blood. Farewel General; I'll bring up those that shall try what Mettle there is in Orange-Tawny. [*Exit.*]

*Torr.* [*At the Door.*] Haste there, command the Guards be all drawn up

Before the Palace Gate. — By Heaven, I'll face This Tempest, and deserve the Name of King.

O, *Leonora*, brauteous in thy Crimes,  
Never were Hell and Heaven so match'd before!  
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'st on me;  
Then all the Blest will beg, that thou may'st live,  
And even my Father's Ghost his Death forgive. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE The Palace-Yard.

*Drums and Trumpets within.*

*Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro, and their Party.*

*Raym.* Now, valiant Citizens, the Time is come,  
To show your Courage, and your Loyalty:  
You have a Prince of *Sancho's* Royal Blood,  
The Darling of the Heavens, and Joy of Earth;  
When he's produc'd, as soon he shall among you,  
Speak, what will you adventure to re-seat him  
Upon his Father's Throne?

*Omn.* Our Lives and Fortunes.

*Raym.* What then remains to perfect our Success,  
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our Way?

*Omn.* Lead on, lead on.

[*Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.*]

*Enter Terrismond and his Party: As they are going to fight, he speaks.*

*Torr.* [*To his.*] Hold, hold your Arms.

*Raym.*



Raym. [To his.] Retire.

Alph. What means this Pause?

Ped. Peace: Nature works within them.

[Torr. and Raym. go apart.]

Torr. How comes it, good old Man, that wet two meet  
On these harsh Terms! thou very reverend Rebel?

Thou venerable Traytor, in whose Face  
And hoary Hairs Treason is sanctified;  
And Sin's black Dye seems blanch'd by Age to Virtue.

Raym. What Treason is it to redeem my King,  
And to reform the State?

Torr. That's a stale Cheat:  
The primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, first us'd it,  
And was the first Reformer of the Skies.

Raym. What, if I see my Prince mistake a Poyson,  
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traytor,  
Because I hold his Hand, or break the Glafs?

Torr. How dar'st thou serve thy King against his Will?

Raym. Because 'tis then the only Time to serve him.

Torr. I take the Blame of all upon my self,  
Discharge thy Weight on me.

Raym. O, never, never!  
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toss'd in a Tempest  
Without the Pilot's Care.

Torr. I'll punish thee,  
By Heav'n, I will, as I wou'd punish Rebels,  
Thou stubborn loyal Man.

Raym. First let me see  
Her punish'd who mis-leads you from your Fame,  
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into Pieces,  
And I shall dye well pleas'd.

Torr. Proclaim my Title, [shalt still  
To save th' Effusion of my Subjects Blood, and thou  
Be as my Foster-Father near my Breast,  
And next my *Leonora*.

Raym. That Word stabs me.  
You shall be still plain *Torrismond* with me,  
Th' Abetter, Partner, (if you like that Name,)  
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;  
'Till you deserve that Title by your Justice.

Torr. Then, farewell Pity, I will be obey'd.

[To

[To the People.] Hear, you mistaken Men, whose Loyalty  
Runs headlong into Treason: See your Prince,  
In me behold your murther'd *Sancho's* Son;  
Dismiss your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.

*Raym.* Believe him not; he raves; his Words are loose  
As Heaps of Sand, and scattering, wide from Sense.  
You see he knows not me his natural Father;  
But aiming to possess th' usurping Queen,  
So high he's mounted in his airy Hopes,  
That now the Wind has got into his Head,  
And turn'd his Brains to Frenzy.

*Torr.* Hear me yet, I am ———

*Raym.* Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:  
But spare his Person for his Father's Sake.

*Ped.* Let me come, if he be mad, I have that shall cure  
him. There's not a Surgeon in all *Arragon* has so much  
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-Vein.

*Torr.* My Right for me!

*Raym.* Our Liberty for us!

*Om.* Liberty, Liberty! — [As they are ready to fight,  
Enter Lorenzo and his Party.

*Lor.* On Forfeit of your Lives, lay down your Arms.

*Alph.* How, Rebel, art thou there?

*Lor.* Lake your Rebel back again, Father mine. The  
beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerors. I have been  
at hard-head with your butting Citizens; I have routed  
your Herd; I have disperst them; and now they are re-  
treated quietly, from their extraordinary Vocation of fight-  
ing in the Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of cozening  
in their Shops.

*Torr.* [to *Raym.*] You see 'tis vain contending with the  
Acknowledge what I am. [Truth,

*Raym.* You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your  
But by a fatal Fondness, you betray [own;  
Your Fame and Glory to th' Usurper's Bed:  
Enjoy the Fruits of Blood and Parricide,  
Take your own Crown from *Leonora's* Gift,  
And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Arms

Enter Queen, Teresa, and Women.

*Alph.* No more: behold the Queen.

*Raym.* Behold the Basilisk of *Torrismond*,

That

That kills him with her Eyes. I will speak on,  
My Life is of no farther Use to me:  
I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:  
Now let it go for Failing.

[*Speak;*

*Torr.* [*Aside.*] My Heart sinks in me while I hear him  
And every slacken'd Fibre droops its Hold,  
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life;  
So much the Name of Father awes me still.  
Send off the Crowd: For you, now I have conquer'd,  
I can hear with Honour your Demands.

*Lor.* to *Alph.* Now, Sir, who proves the Traytor? My  
Conscience is true to me, it always whispers right when  
I have my Regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt omnes prater Torr. Raym. and Leon.*

*Torr.* O *Leonora*! what can Love do more?  
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmost:  
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:  
And yet at last that Tyrant, Justice! Oh ———

*Qu.* 'Tis past, 'tis past: and Love is ours no more;  
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;  
They made m'a Miser's Feast of Happiness,  
And cou'd not furnish out another Meal.  
Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men;  
By all my Foes at once; I swear my *Torrismond*,  
That to have had you mine for one short Day,  
Has cancell'd half my mighty Sum of Woes:  
Say but you hate me not.

*Torr.* I cannot hate you.

*Raym.* Can you not? say that once more;  
That all the Saints may witness it against you.

*Qu.* Cruel *Raymond*!

Can he not punish me, but he must hate?  
O! 'tis not Justice, but a brutal Rage,  
Which hates th' Offender's Person with his Crimes:  
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,  
To lose a Crown and Lover in a Day:  
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour strikes.

*Raym.* Then, then you shall have thought of Tears  
When Virtue, Majesty, and hoary Age [and Pity,  
Pleaded for *Sancho's* Life.

*Qu.* My future Days shall be one whole Contrition;

A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,  
Where every Day an hundred aged Men  
Shall all hold up their wither'd Hands to Heaven  
To pardon *Sancho's* Death.

*Torr.* See, *Raymond*, see: She makes a large Amends;  
*Sancho* is dead: no Punishment of her  
Can raise his cold stiff Limbs from the dark Grave;  
Nor can his blessed Soul look down from Heaven;  
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Rest,  
To see, with Joy, her Miseries on Earth.

*Raym.* Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence;  
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;  
But Man who knows not Hearts, should make Examples;  
Which, like a Warning-piece, must be shot off,  
To fright the rest from Crimes.

*Qu.* Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,  
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Blood  
To save one Drop of his.

*Torr.* Mark that, inexorable *Raymond*, mark!  
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.

*Raym.* What if she did not know he was your Father?  
She knew he was a Man, the best of Men,  
Heaven's Image double stamp'd, as Man and King.

*Qu.* He was, he was, e'en more than you can say,  
But yet ———

*Raym.* But yet you barbarously murder'd him.

*Qu.* He will not hear me out!

*Torr.* Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?  
Curb your ill-manner'd Zeal.

*Raym.* Sing to him, Syren;  
For I shall stop my Ears: now mince the Sin,  
And mollify Damnation with a Phrase:  
Say you consented not to *Sancho's* Death,  
But barely not forbid it.

*Qu.* Hard-hearted Man, I yield my guilty Cause,  
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.  
Had I, for Jealousie of Empire, sought  
Good *Sancho's* Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.  
'Twas always in my Power to take his Life:  
But Interest never could my Conscience blind,  
'Till Love had cast a Mist before my Eyes;

And

And made me think his Death the only Means  
Which could secure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.

*Torr.* Never was fatal Miſchief meant ſo kind,  
For all ſhe gave has taken all away.

Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be reſtor'd?

'Tis to be worſe depos'd than *Sancho* was.

*Raym.* Heaven has reſtor'd you, you depoſe you ſelf:  
Oh! when young Kings begin with Scorn of Juſtice,  
They make an Omen to their after-Reign,  
And blot their Annals in the foremoſt Page.

*Torr.* No more; leſt you be made the firſt Example,  
To ſhow how I can puniſh.

*Raym.* Once again:

Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,  
And after make me her's.

*Torr.* Condemn a Wife!

That were to atone for Parricide with Murther!

*Raym.* Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content  
With that poor ſcanty Juſtice: Let her part. [Love.

*Torr.* Divorce! that's worſe than Death, 'tis Death of

*Qu.* The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain,

As I from you: but yet 'tis juſt, my Lord:

I am th' Accuſt of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,

Your Subjects Detestation, and your Ruin:

And therefore fix this Doom upon my ſelf.

*Torr.* Heav'n! Can you wiſh it? to be mine no more?

*Qu.* Yes, I can wiſh it, as the deareſt Proof,

And laſt, that I can make you of my Love.

To leave you bleſt, I would be more accuſt

Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,

And the kind Grave ſhuts up the mournful Scene:

But I would live without you; to be wretched long:

And hoard up every Moment of my Life,

To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,

Till ev'n fierce *Raymond* at the laſt ſhall ſay,

Now let her dye, for ſhe has griev'd enough.

*Torr.* Hear this, hear this, thou Tribune of the People!

Thou zealous, publick Blood-hound hear, and melt.

*Raym.* [*Aſide.*] I could cry now, my Eyes grow wo-

But yet my Heart holds out.

[manish,

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Some solitary Cloyster will I chuse,  
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:  
Coarse my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep;  
Broke by the melancholy midnight-Bell:  
Now, *Raymond*, now be satisfy'd at last.  
Fasting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer  
Shall do dead *Sancho* Justice every Hour.

*Raym.* [*Aside.*] By your Leave, Manhood.

[*Wipes his Eyes,*

*Torr.* He weeps, now he's vanquish'd.

*Raym.* No! 'Tis a salt Rheum that scalds my Eyes.

*Qu.* If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd,  
I'll leave you in the Height of all my Love,  
Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its Way,  
And struggles to you most.  
Farewel, a last Farewel! my dear, dear Lord,  
Remember me; speak, *Raymond*, will you let him?  
Shall he remember *Leonora's* Love,  
And shed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?

*Raym.* [*Almost crying.*] Yes, yes, he shall; pay go.

*Torr.* Now, by my Soul, she shall not go: why *Raym.*  
Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life; [*mond,*  
Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,  
Let us not think what future Ills may fall,  
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and lose 'em all.

[*Exit Tor. with the Queen.*

*Raym.* No Matter yet, he has my Hook within him,  
Now let him frisk and flounce, and run, and roul,  
And think to break his Hold: He toils in vain.  
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd so greedily,  
Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

*Enter Alphonso and Pedro.*

*Alph.* Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he desires  
Admittance to the King, and cries aloud,  
This Day shall end our Fears of Civil War:  
For his safe Conduct he entreats your Presence,  
And begs you would be speedy.

*Raym.* Though I loath  
The Traytor's Sight, I'll go: Attend us here.

[*Exit.*

*Enter.*



*Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominick, with Officers, to make the Stage as full as possible.*

*Ped.* Why, how now Gomez; What mak'st thou here with a whole Brother-hood of City-Bailiffs? Why, thou lookest like *Adam* in Paradise, with his Guard of Beasts about him.

*Gom.* Ay, and a Man had Need of them, *Don Pedro*: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Priest, that's *Eve* and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

*Dom.* Take Notice how uncharitably he talks of Church-Men.

*Gom.* Indeed you are a charitable Belfwagger: My Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire, and you brought out your Church-Buckets, and call'd for Engines to play against it.

*Alph.* I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your Wife, her Education has been virtuous, her Nature mild and easie.

*Gom.* Yes! she's easie with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her so.

*Alph.* She came a spotless Virgin to your Bed.

*Gom.* And she's a spotless Virgin still for me — she's never the worse for my Wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threescore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am. —

*Elv.* Indeed, Sir, I have no Reason to complain of him for disturbing of my Sleep.

*Dom.* A fine Commendation you have given your self; The Church did not marry you for that.

*Ped.* Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

*Dom.* Why noble Sir, I'll tell you.

*Gom.* Peace Fryar; and let me speak first. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit, where you preach by Hours.

*Dom.* And you edifie by Minutes.

*Gom.* Where you make Doctrines for the People, and Uses and Applications for your selves.

*Ped.* Gomez, give Way to the old Gentleman in black.

*Gom.* No! the t'other old Gentleman in black shall take me if I do; I will speak first! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll speak Truth in few Words, and

and then you may come afterwards, and lie by the Clock as you use to do. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he shall lie and forswear himself with any Fryar in all Spain: that's a bold Word now. —

*Dom.* Let him alone; let him alone: I shall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus*, I warrant him.

*Alph.* Well, what have you to say against your Wife, *Gomez*?

*Gom.* Why, I say, in the first Place, that I and all Men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgment; that a Batchelour-Cobler is a happier Man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all visited with a household Plague, and *Lord have Mercy upon us* should be written on all our Doors.

*Dom.* Now he reviles Marriage, which is one of the seven blessed Sacraments.

*Gom.* 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly Sins: but make your best on't, I care not; 'tis but binding a Man Neck and Heels for all that! But, as for my Wife, that Crocodile of *Nilus*, she has wickedly and traiterously conspir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and with the Help of the aforesaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold-maker of this City, devilishly contriv'd to steal her self away, and under her Arm feloniously to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Pistoles. Guilty, or not guilty; how say'st thou Culprit?

*Dom.* False and scandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath point blank against every Particular of this Charge.

*Elv.* And so will I.

*Dom.* As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my self, according to my usual Custom, I heard a foul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making doleful Lamentations: Thereupon, making what Haste my Limbs would suffer me, that are crippled with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and fisting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian Arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without Respect to my Sacerdotal Orders,

Orders, push'd, me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, just as a Man wou'd set up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And still continued labouring me, 'till a good-minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker Part you may be sure — whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him Bastinado on Bastinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor, meek Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian Patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very Thought of him; why, he's as fierce as Rhodomont, he made Assault and Battery upon my Person, beat me into all the Colours of the Rainbow. And every Word this abominable Priest has utter'd is as false as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a thorough-pac'd Lyar that will swear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, who comes behind the Company, and stands at his Father's Back unseen, over-against Gomez.

Lor. [*Aside*] How now! What's here to do? my Cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Four-score take him for an old bawdy Magistrate, that stands like the Picture of Madam Justice, with a Pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well — but all this while, who is this Colonel Hernando?

Gom. He's the first-begotten of Beelzebub, with a Face as terrible as Demogorgon.

[Lorenzo peeps over Alphonso's Head, and stares at Gomez.]

No! I lie, I lie:

He's a very proper handsome Fellow! well proportion'd, and clean shap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped.

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*Ped.* What, backward and forward, *Gomez*? do'st thou hunt counter?

*Alph.* Had this Colonel any former Design upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you shall have justice.

*Gom.* [*Aside.*] Now I dare speak; let him look as dreadfully as he will.— I say, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd Design upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honesty. [*Lor. Lifts up his Fist clencht at him.*]

I confess my Wife was as willing — as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him: for I have known him formely a very civil and modest Person.

*Elv.* You see, Sir, he contradicts himself at every Word: he's plainly mad.

*Alph.* Speak boldly, Man! and say what thou wilt stand by: did he strike thee?

*Gom.* I will speak boldly: he struck me on the Face before my own Threshold, that the very Walls cry'd Shame on him. [*Lor. holds up againe*]

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the Man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all Spain.

*Dom.* Now the Truth comes out, in Spight of him.

*Ped.* I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

*Alph.* For my Part I see no Wrong that has been offer'd him.

*Gom.* How? no Wrong? why, he ravish'd me with the Help of two Soldiers, carried me away *Vi & Armis*, and would have put me into a Plot against the Government. [*Lor. holds up againe*]

I confess, I never could endure the Government, because it was tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are black and blue, as I can shew the Marks of 'em. [*Lor. Againe*]

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yesterday upon the Pebbles. [*All laugh*]

*Dom.* Fresh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a most manifest Judgment, there never comes better of railing against the Church.

*Gom.* Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's End this half Hour, and I have not Power to bring it out, for Fear of this bloody-minded Colonel.

*Alph.*

*Alph.* What Colonel?

*Gom.* Why, my Colonel; I mean, my Wife's Colonel, that appears there to me like my *Malus Genius*, and terrifies me.

*Alph.* [Turning.] Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo*.

*Gom.* How! your Son *Lorenzo*! it is impossible.

*Alph.* As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

*Lor.* What, have I taken all this Pains about a Sister?

*Gom.* No, you have taken some about me: I am sure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can shew the Tokens of our Alliance.

*Alph.* to *Lor.* You know I put your Sister into a Nunnery, with a strict Command not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention; and consequently, I married her without your Knowledge, that it might not be in your Power to prevent it.

*Elv.* You see, Brother, I had a natural Affection to you.

*Lor.* What a delicious Harlot have I lost! Now, Pox upon me, for being so near a kin to thee.

*Elv.* However, we are both beholden to Fryar *Domini*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, she never faileth to her Part.

*Dom.* Heaven! what will become of me?

*Gom.* Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; those Guts were never made for mounting.

*Lor.* I shall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred Pistoles, to make him the lighter for his Journey: indeed 'tis partly out of Conscience, that I may not be necessary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

*Alph.* I have no secular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter; But I shall do't by Proxy, Fryar; your Bishop's my Friend, and is too honest, to let such as you infect a Cloyster.

*Gom.* Ay, do Father-in-Law, let him be stript of his Habit, and dis-order'd. — I would fain see him walk Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Furr upon his Back, that the World may once behold the Inside of a Fryar.

*Dom.*

*Dom.* Farewel, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Blessing before I go.——

May your Sisters, Wives, and Daughters, be so naturally lewd, that they may have no Occasion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to Pimp for 'em.

[*Exit, with a Rabble pushing him.*]

*Enter* Torrismond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Teresa, &c.

*Torr.* He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives! Let every one partake the general Joy. Some Angel with a golden Trumpet sound, King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing Skies From Pole to Pole resound, King *Sancho* lives! O *Bertran*, oh! no more my Foe, but Brother: One Act like this blots out a Thousand Crimes.

*Bert.* Bad Men, when 'tis their Interest, may do Good: I must confess, I counsel'd *Sancho's* Murther; And urg'd the Queen by specious Arguments: But still, suspecting that her Love was chang'd, I spread abroad the Rumour of his Death, To sound the very Soul of her Designs: Th' Event you know was answering to my Fears: She threw the Odium of the Fact on me, And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

*Raym.* Heaven guided all to save the Innocent.

*Bert.* I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveness.

*Torr.* Not only that, but Favour: *Sancho's* Life, Whether by Virtue or Design preserv'd, Claims all within my Power.

*Qu.* My Prayers are heard; And I have nothing farther to desire, But *Sancho's* Leave to authorize our Marriage.

*Torr.* Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one; So merciful a King did never live; Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive: But let the bold Conspirator beware, For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]







# EPILOGUE,

By a Friend of the AUTHOR'S.

**T** Here's none I'm sure, who is a Friend to Love,

But will our Fryar's Character approve:

The ablest Spark among you sometimes needs

Such pious Help, for charitable Deeds.

Our Church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want

These Ghostly Comforts for the falling Saint:

This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be

One Reason of the Growth of Popery.

So Mahomet's Religion came in Fashion,

By the large Leave it gave to Fornication.

Fear not the Guilt, if you can pay for't well;

There is no Dives in the Roman Hell.

Gold opens the strait Gate, and lets him in;

But want of Money is a Mortal Sin.

For all besides you may discount to Heaven,

And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even.

How are Men cozen'd still with Shows of Good!

The Bawd's best Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.

Though Vice no more a Clergy-Man displeases,

Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diseases.

'Tis by your living ill, that they live well,

By your Debauches their fat Paunches swell.

'Tis a Mock-War between the Priest and Devil;

When they think fit, they can be very civil.

## EPILOGUE.

*As some, who did French Counsels first advance,  
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.  
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl,  
That with more Ease they may engross them all.  
By damning yours, they do their own maintain.  
A Church-Man's Godliness is always Gain.  
Hence to their Prince they will superiour be;  
And Civil Treason grows Church-Loyalty:  
They boast the Gift of Heaven is in their Power;  
Well may they give the God they can devour.  
Still to the Sick and Dead their Claims they lay;  
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.  
Nor have they less Dominion on our Life,  
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.  
Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern Climes,  
And learn from Sweden to prevent such Crimes.  
Unman the Fryar, and leave the holy Drone  
To hum in his forsaken Hive alone;  
He'll work no Hony when his Sting is gone.  
Your Wives and Daughters soon will leave the Cells,  
When they have lost the Sound of Aaron's Bells.*

F I N I S.



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